



THE SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY PAPERS

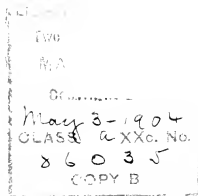
FROM
THE SPECTATOR

WITH AN INTRODUCTION AND NOTES BY
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INTRODUCTION.

THE SPECTATOR AND ITS AUTHORS.

ONE may read the "Sir Roger de Coverley Papers" or the "Spectator," and enjoy them, without much knowledge of their author. It is true that Addison himself says that particulars as to complexion and disposition and station in life "conduce very much to the right understanding of an author." But that was a bit of his humor: the real thing of value is what the author says. Franklin got as much good out of the "Spectator" as most people have: he learned from it how to write and how to argue, and learned to do both things better than any other American of his day. Yet he had, at first, only a stray volume which he picked up at the bookstall, with little or no information as to the author. And the people for whom the "Spectator" was originally written, had generally very slight knowledge of the authors of the speculations that amused and interested them, in spite of the careful information given them at the outset.

But although it is not a necessity, we can certainly gain an additional enjoyment by knowing something of the authors of this remarkable periodical, and, we may add, of the time in which it was written and of its place in literature. Addison is a famous name in English literature, and Steele is a name only less famous. The Age of Queen Anne is a famous period, even if not quite so absolutely perfect as it seemed to itself. And the "Spectator" has been a remarkable force in literature; indeed, much of what we read is what it is by its influence.

Addison and Steele.

Of the two authors¹ of the Sir Roger de Coverley papers the greater was Joseph Addison. His life was a typical case

¹ Nos. 116 and 331 were written by Eustace Budgell, 1686-1737.

of a fortunate literary career. He was born of educated people and received the best education of the day. He won notice and distinction in youth by his intellectual ability and received early in life recognition and reward. When he had completed his early studies and had seen something of the world, the way to honorable exertion in literature and politics was open to him, and he availed himself of each opportunity. In public affairs he became a distinguished figure and in literature he became one of the great men of letters of his day. He was loved and honored by his own time and has retained the regard of posterity. So far as constant success and sufficient reward is concerned it is hard to see where Addison's career could have been improved. The only other figure in later English letters equally successful and equally rewarded is that of Macaulay, who, like Addison, was an important figure both in literature and in public life, who, like Addison, was successful in everything to which he turned his hand, and, like Addison, was honored and loved from the moment that his great talents began to make themselves known. Other great men, Milton and Wordsworth, Johnson and Carlyle, have had their measure of bitterness or struggle, of scorn or neglect, but Addison and Macaulay had good reason to feel that the world was on their side. Hence their work has a good humored and optimistic quality : hence, also, it lacks something that we find in the others.

Addison was born at Milston May 1st, 1672, the son of Rev. Lancelot Addison, a clergyman of some note. He was educated at the Charterhouse School, London, where he made the acquaintance of Richard Steele, with whom he had much to do later in life, and at the University of Oxford. He was entered at Queen's College, but after a time was elected to a scholarship and subsequently a fellowship at Magdalen College, with which his name is associated, and where they still show you the place where he used to walk up and down in the beautiful college garden. He remained

at Oxford for ten years, reading the classics and occasionally writing verses in English or Latin which were greatly admired.

He might naturally have followed his father and become a clergyman, but he had attracted the attention of men in public life who understood how valuable his genius might be to their cause. Through their efforts he received a pension, and traveled abroad to fit himself especially for some diplomatic position.

With the death of William III in 1703, and the accession of Anne, Addison's friends went out of power, and Addison lost his pension. He returned to England, and for a time was uncertain as to his prospects. But a poem upon the battle of Blenheim, entitled "The Campaign," gave him prominence, and he received as a mark of appreciation an office. From this time on he held generally some public appointment, and finally attained the position of Secretary of State. This success he owed largely to his power as a writer, for he was neither an orator nor a statesman. He was, however, a great man of letters, the greatest of his political party.

In 1708 Addison became Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. While he was in Dublin, a friend of his asked his help in a plan which, as it turned out, offered to Addison the true opportunity that his genius needed. He would never have been remembered as a statesman, nor even as a man of letters would the poems and travels he had so far published have given him a permanent reputation. If it had not been for the "Tatler" and the "Spectator," Addison would have obtained no greater reputation than a hundred others of his day.

The person who offered this opportunity to Addison was an old friend. Richard Steele was born in Dublin in the same year as Addison, and had been a schoolfellow with him. He had gone to Oxford, but instead of finding there the easy path to success which had opened to Addison, he had remained but a short time, and then entered the army.

It is probable that he never saw active service, but in the course of ten years he became a captain, and also a man somewhat known for literary ability. Indeed, as Addison began to make his way in politics by his literature, so, more strangely, did Steele in the army. As time went on he came into political life, and in 1706 became editor of the official Gazette. It was not long after this that he conceived the idea of the "Tatler."

Although a close friend of Addison's, Steele was in character and career very unlike him. Addison had an almost unbroken path of success : Steele was constantly up or down ; if he had a good position for two or three years he was sure to lose it by some political circumstance, and equally sure to get another in a year or so. So it was with personal character. Addison was a man of sound principle and correct life ; Steele had excellent principles, but in practice he would seem often to have done one day things he had condemned the day before and that he repented of the day after. It may be that his biographers have rather exaggerated the contrast. He was certainly a man of most affectionate and lovable character. The circumstances of the time and especially of his life were such as to lead readily to extravagance both in meats and drinks, and in money matters : that Steele erred in these directions more than many men cannot be shown ; but it cannot be denied that he had a more kindly heart than most.

Addison and Steele joined in the production of the "Tatler," and when that periodical came to an end, in the "Spectator." Steele was the chief writer for the first, and Addison for the second ; the different names are characteristic of the men. When the "Spectator" came to an end, they carried on at one time or another, together, or singly, other periodicals of something the same kind though usually with more of a political turn, but each had by that time done the work in life which has rendered him famous.

The remainder of Addison's life is without especial inter-

est so far as literature is concerned. In 1713 he produced a tragedy, entitled "Cato," which was received with immense favor, and which, although it has not kept the stage, is not unknown to-day. The "Guardian" (1713), a new series of the "Spectator" (1714), the "Freeholder" (1715) represent his work in the direction that had made him famous. He was successively Secretary for Ireland (1715), a Commissioner for Trade and the Colonies (1716), and a Secretary of State (1717-1718). In 1716 he married the Dowager Countess of Warwick. He died, full of honors though not of years, in London, June 17, 1719.

Steele's life was more varied, though not so brilliant. He founded the "Guardian," and subsequently the "Englishman" (1714), and the "Plebeian" (1718), periodicals for political purposes. He was elected to Parliament in 1714, but was almost immediately expelled by the Tory majority for his political writings. Shortly afterward George I came to the throne, and Steele received several minor offices, among them that of supervisor of Drury Lane Theatre, where, during the later years of his life, he produced a number of plays. He was again elected to Parliament and was also knighted. He engaged in various pursuits, political and theatrical, as well as some business schemes, and died at Carmarthen, Wales, 1729.

The Age of Queen Anne.

Such were the lives of two of the most noted men of letters of the Age of Queen Anne. To-day they are remembered as essayists, but in their own time their lives were as much devoted to politics as to letters. The same thing might be said of Defoe and of Swift: we think of them as having written "Robinson Crusoe" and "Gulliver's Travels," but in their own time they were political pamphleteers. With the striking exception of the great poet of the day, Alexander Pope, who was excluded from public life on account of his religion, all the noteworthy figures in literature

were noteworthy also in politics. This is something characteristic of the reign of Queen Anne, which cannot be said of the Elizabethan era or of the great period at the beginning of the nineteenth century.

The Age of Queen Anne was a time of great activity in public life, and it was not unnatural that literature, the expression of a nation's life, should have quickened with the quickening of politics. The Revolution of 1688, and the establishment of the Protestant Succession, had put politics upon a new basis. Kingship now depended upon an act of Parliament. Parliament was henceforth supreme, and the supremacy of Parliament was the supremacy of the people. Not, it must be understood, of the "people" as we use the word to-day; not even of the great middle class of the nation, for the early part of the eighteenth century was a period of power for the great aristocratic families, but there was still a supremacy of the people in a sense not known before. Government became government by party. The Queen had to allow power to her Ministers; the Ministers had to count upon a Parliamentary majority, and Parliament had to have some regard to the voters. And hence began an appeal to people in general; in politics, an appeal to reason, to intelligence, to common sense.

It is proper to say that this tendency was but the development in one direction of the general growth of intellectualism which found expression in many other ways. Science was the object of great interest. Religion became rational instead of spiritual. Social life became reasonable and sensible. Philosophy devoted itself to the exploration of the powers of human thought. Literature also became a matter of the intelligence, of reason, and of common sense. It was not remarkable, therefore, that it should have become an important factor in public life.

This phase of literary life and activity had to express itself in special ways. And one of these ways was the periodical essay. The newspaper, though by no means what we now

think of, had become a matter of some importance. Still it was, as its name implies, a matter of news. Opinions might be expressed in a pamphlet written on any occasion that seemed to call for one. Steele saw the value of joining the essential characteristics of the two. Defoe had already done something of the sort in his Review. Steele held the position of Gazetteer whereby he had early access to the news. He thought he could readily publish a sheet containing the news of the day and also a little comment on current conditions. It is noteworthy that all this was to be done in a paper of three or four pages, somewhat larger than this, published three times a week.

As things continued it became apparent that the important part of the new venture was the essay, and the news was more and more omitted. And in the "Spectator," established when Steele brought the "Tatler" to an end, the essay alone remained. Nor was the essay, as will be seen from the papers here presented, merely a comment upon current circumstances. It became an expression of the ideas of the author upon any subject that was of interest to him.

The Place of the "Spectator" in Literature.

The "Spectator," beside being of interest in itself, has a very important place in the history of literature. It gave rise to a whole series of periodicals more or less like itself, gave a definite model to the essay as a literary form, and was of some influence in the development of the novel. We who are surrounded with magazines and novels and essays can hardly imagine a literature when such things were not. Leonora read novels, it is true, but Cassandra, Cleopatra, Astræa, the Grand Cyrus were books very different from any novel that we ever read. They lacked entirely the presentation of story, character, manners that is so familiar to us. Magazines, Leonora knew nothing of at all, nor of essays.

The "Spectator" and the "Tatler" showed that there could

be light and easy writing about matters of great or little importance, that should be amusing and not without character. Prose literature ceased to be a matter of treatises only, of philosophy, of theology, of history. Poetry ceased to be the only form of belles lettres. A different tone began in literature: it ceased to be something for scholars only, and became something for men and women.

There had undoubtedly been Essays in English literature before Addison. Those of Cowley (see p. 56) are very charming examples in a limited sphere of much the kind of writing of which Addison was such a master. The Essays of Bacon are brilliant examples of a kind of writing rather different. But whatever essays may have been written, there was not anything till the "Tatler" and the "Spectator" which showed the possibilities of the essay, how it could be light or serious, satirical or humorous, how it could sketch a character, or express a theory, how it could serve as a means of expression for a brilliant mind, continually observing and reflecting on the affairs of the world. Lamb, Hazlitt and Thackeray, Irving, Emerson and Lowell have shown us what may be done with it. The essay is the easy talk of a literary man. It is true that we give the name essay to those famous pieces by Macaulay and Matthew Arnold, that present careful and finished thought on matters of importance. But the characteristic essay is a Roundabout Paper as Thackeray called his, it is Table Talk like Hazlitt's, it is by My Study Window, or Among My Books like Lowell's.¹ And it is this sort of writing in which Addison and Steele excelled. We Americans of the present day sometimes find an essay hard to appreciate, for it does not seem to us to be practical. We ask what it is about, what it tries to say? The true essayist sometimes has something very definite to say, but often enough he is content to suggest an idea or a point of view, as in most of those essays in this book which are not definitely narrative or descriptive.

¹ whose writings are commonly more formal essays like Macaulay's.

Those papers that are narrative or descriptive introduce us to another matter. They give us characters and manners, people that we might know living a life which we know of. If there were any story, any plot, the Spectator's visit to Sir Roger would practically be a novel. Yet the first real English novel¹ was not published for thirty years.

Fiction there had been. Sir Thomas Moore had put his ideas on society in the form of the account given by Raphael Hythlodæ of the strange country Utopia. Sir Philip Sidney's "Arcadia" was a pastoral poem in prose. In "Euphues" John Lily had put his ideal of education and gentle life. In the "Pilgrim's Progress" Bunyan had given allegorical figures the likeness and interest of real people. But these are not novels. Even "Robinson Crusoe," by Defoe, shortly after the "Spectator," is not a novel according to our present ideas, any more than is "Jack Wilton," which Thomas Nash wrote long before. No one of these books tried to give a picture of the characters and manners of the life with which we are familiar. But this was one of the chief aims of Addison and Steele. The characters they introduced, the sketches of life that they gave, were perfectly familiar to their readers. If they had written stories, they would have been novelists, and even as it is they have created this one character, Sir Roger de Coverley, the true country gentleman, who is a more definite figure in the mind of the world than many a character of later novelists.

THE "SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY PAPERS."

The "Spectator" in its larger aspects, then, is of interest to us because it is so characteristic of the literature of its time, and because it was such an influence upon the literature that followed. Its writers are striking examples of the man of letters and of public affairs so noticeable a figure in the reign of Queen Anne: its pages are full of the most

¹ "Pamela," by Samuel Richardson, 1740, is generally given this distinction.

suggestive hints and descriptions that open to us much of the life of that reign. And the "Spectator" was the forerunner of many periodicals and many essays, not in England only and here in America, but on the Continent of Europe. And, further, we may see in the mass of fiction, novel and short story, much that has its forerunner in the "Spectator's" account of the old Knight of Coverley Hall.

Let us, however, now fix our attention more particularly upon the "Spectator" itself. Indeed, perhaps, this was the first thing to do: at any rate, this may be done without the other, whereas knowledge about the "Spectator" and its time, without knowledge of the "Spectator" itself, is hardly worth while, save as any historical knowledge is worth while.

The Language and the Style.

And first something must be said of the language, more particularly of the meaning of words. We must remember that language changes in form and in meaning as well. Addison is nearer Shakespeare in point of time than he is to us, and in Shakespeare there are many words which we use in senses very different from those of the plays. (It is true that this element in the "Spectator" is not large. Still it is the part of the careful scholar to take account of it. It is better to know a modest number of words and to know them thoroughly, than it is to have an enormous vocabulary and to use it loosely. It is only by having a particular feeling for the meanings of words that we shall follow rightly the full thought of the writer. One word that Addison uses often is *wit*: it was a typical word of the age of Queen Anne. But it was often used in senses not usual to-day: read Pope's "Essay on Criticism" for examples. Addison sometimes means by *wit* what we do, that bright sparkle and brilliancy of speech or thought that gives such a zest to conversation or literature. But he more often means by the word a more general mental power, as in No. 6, where he writes, "wit and sense" (5); "men of wit" (10); "wit

and learning" (62); "excellent faculties and abundance of wit" (69); "wit and angelic faculties" (71); and in the next paper, "ladies . . . not those of the most wit" (20). Here the word has more the general sense of intellectuality, and if we think of the word in its present sense we gain a false notion. So with the other word that we often contrast with *wit*, *humor* and the word less common now formed from it, *humorist*. We meet both words frequently in these papers, but rarely with exactly our modern sense: *humor* (108, 45, 91) means some fanciful or out-of-the-way notion or manner of thought, not necessarily funny or ludicrous, but rather extravagant or fantastic; a *humorist* (106, 58, and elsewhere) is an eccentric. So it is with not a few words: sometimes they have gone out of use; sometimes the meaning has changed. Thus Sir Roger speaks of "men of fine *parts*" (6, 12), and the Spectator himself, as a boy, is said to have solid *parts* (1, 36). In like manner England is said to be a *polite* nation (6, 88), the Lacedæmonians are more virtuous than *polite*, but the meaning is not merely that they were of good manners. The word *conversation* (2, 150; 37, 96; 106, 53; 109, 4) will be found to have a sense somewhat different from that to which we are accustomed. The word *speculation* (1, 81; 34, 16; 106, 5; 383, 11) is used with a particular meaning not common to-day. There are a number of other examples, as "a handsome elocation" (106, 115), "people of quality" (34, 24); Sir Roger is "a good husband," though not married (107, 53), and Leonora, in her garden, keeps turtles in cages (37, 109). One must not think it pedantic to pay attention to these matters. It is certainly pedantic to think that they are of the greatest importance, to spend time upon them that should be given to getting at the ideas. But something of the sort one must do or lose much of the delicacy of the style. A general understanding of what is said anyone may gain at a first reading, but it is the part of the scholar to get the best enjoyment, and that certainly must be based

upon a knowledge of what our author had in mind when he wrote. That is the thing we want to get at, and only as it helps us to just that are these written words of value to us.

Having a correct idea of the meanings of his words we shall want to have some notion and appreciation of Addison's style in general, for it is a very famous style. That his manner of writing is marked by ease and elegance will probably be perceived by all, though possibly less attention will be given to these qualities than they deserve, because so many people can write with ease and elegance nowadays, since Addison has shown how it may be done. It will, perhaps, be more readily noted by the close student that this ease and elegance is sometimes attained by a sacrifice of correctness. It is not worth while to cite examples, but almost every paper will offer an instance of some construction which is grammatically careless. Not merely are there constructions once common but now out of use, but there are constructions in which the simplest conventions of syntax are disregarded. The same thing is true to a greater degree with Shakespeare. Our time is more particular about grammatical nicety than was Addison's or Shakespeare's: our thoughts do not seem to be much improved thereby. It does not seem worth while to spend time on these passages. When Addison writes "there is no rank . . . who have not their representatives," we have an example of grammatical carelessness common in Addison's time. Our time is more particular and exact; but it is better to search Addison for points in which he is superior to us than to look for places where he does not come up to our ideas. The main thing about Addison's writing is no particularity about sentences or figures of speech, but the fact that he could write easily and pleasantly about a very large range of subjects, could make all sorts of things the subject for his thought and the object of our interest. No matter what he writes about—and these papers give at least some idea of his range—he puts his ideas simply and easily and with delicacy and humor, so that, whether he be telling

a story or pointing a moral or offering a bit of satire, he is never heavy, nor long-winded, nor pompous, nor wearisome. It will generally be found that he is simpler and clearer in the expression of his ideas than we could be ourselves. Franklin used to try to re-write the essays in the "Spectator" as an exercise in the art of writing, and learned much by comparing his work with the original. Some teachers and students like to do the same thing to-day, and the experiment is pretty sure to show that it is not at all easy to attain the clearness and simplicity of the original, let alone its humor and good sense.

The Subject Matter.

To pass on from the matter of language or style to the matter of these essays, we shall first remark that the following papers were not originally written as a single piece.

The "Sir Roger de Coverley Papers" were originally written at one time or another for the "Spectator" by Addison or Steele, whichever happened to feel in the humor. Extracted now and put together, it is clear that they cannot possess that unity of subject or of treatment that we naturally expect in a common piece of writing. The only obvious unity that they have is that all in some way or other mention Sir Roger de Coverley, and in some cases the mention is very slight indeed. But this very lack of unity which in another piece might be annoying, can here be turned to account, for it serves to give us an idea of the general content of the whole work from which these essays are taken. As we see from the essay describing the Club, it was the plan of the "Spectator" that its different ideas should be put forward by different characters, and No. 34 shows us what very different views were possible by this device. So, naturally, several of the papers contain "speculations," as Addison would have said, which are attributed to Sir Roger, only as a mode of presentation. It will be useful to run over all the

papers and note of each what its subject is, that we may understand correctly just what we have in these extracts.

First let us note those papers which seem to have for their object merely the presentation of the character of Sir Roger, like No. 2, or that part of it which is given to him. Such papers are 113 in which the Knight gives us an idea of himself in early life, 118 where we have some of his reflections and meditations on the Widow, No. 517 in which we have an account of his death. Other papers, certainly, give us something of his character, but these seem devoted especially to that purpose.

Next come those papers which form the bulk of the collection, in which the Spectator describes his visit to Coverley Hall (Nos. 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 112, 116, 117, 118, 122, 130), his journey back to London (Nos. 131, 132), and the Knight's return visit to the City (Nos. 269, 329, 335, 383). These make up a sort of story, they require but a little more in the way of plot to be as much of a story as, for instance, "A Legend of Sleepy Hollow." Their interest is narrative as well as descriptive of manners.

These are the papers distinctly dedicated to Sir Roger de Coverley, but there are a number of others in which he has his part.

Thus Nos. 1, 2, 34, 108, 174, 359, are either character sketches or serve to enforce characters already drawn. No. 34 has its point aside from its personalities, but its interest is largely from the view it gives us of the gentlemen to whom we are introduced in the first account of the Club. No. 108, the account of Will Wimble, has its part in the description of life at Coverley Hall, but it has independent interest, too, as describing a character which we may take as a representative type, fairly presented or not, of an element in society in the time.

The other papers have a general rather than a personal interest, and in this respect are more representative of the "Spectator" than those of which we have been speaking.

Some contain chiefly the satire for which Addison is famous, as No. 37, where he presents to us the advanced woman of his day, the club-woman she would be now, or No. 331, where, under the guise of a fantasy on Beards, we have a bit of the satire on fashions of the day of which there is much in the "Spectator." Rather more of the remaining papers have remarks upon what may be called general topics, as Nos. 125, 126, which contain a discussion of the good and the bad in party spirit, or No. 119, which considers the difference between the manners of the town and the country, or No. 115, which presents the value of exercise. These papers might have been written without any reference to Sir Roger: but it was the plan of the Spectator to give his speculations an intimate, a personal character, or to have them arise naturally out of circumstances in which the reader had an interest. There remain to be noted the two papers on Instinct, which are rather scientific than social in character, but may be included under this head.

Such is the general analysis of the papers in this book, which may be put in a formal way as follows:

I. Papers pertaining especially to Sir Roger:

1. His Character: 2, 113, 118, 517.
2. The Spectator's Visit to him: 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 112, 116, 117, 118, 122, 130, 131, 132.
3. His Visit to London: 269, 329, 335, 383.

II. More general Papers:

1. Presenting Character: 1, 2, 34, 108, 174, 359.
2. " Satire: 37, 331.
3. " Observation and Reflection on Life and Society: 6, 114, 115, 119, 120, 121, 123, 125, 126.

The Characters and The Ideas.

It is not enough however to know what a book is about. It is true that by such knowledge we appreciate its ideas better. Still the real object of reading is to get the ideas

themselves that they may be to us as much as possible. We want not only to know that some of the Roger de Coverley papers give us the character of the good Knight and country gentleman, but we want to appreciate that character to the full. We want not only to know that other papers describe eighteenth-century life in country and in town, but we want to know what that life was, we want to know it and get the good out of it. And we want not only to know that other papers give us Addison's observations and reflections upon life and society, but we want to know what those observations and reflections were, and further, whether they were sound and good, and whether they were merely temporary, or of some value to us nowadays as we consider the life and society of our own world. In other words we want not only to know what our subject matter is, but we want to know its value.

Of the first two of these matters very little need be said in the way of explanation and commentary, for it is one of the best known parts of literary study to determine them. The characters of Sir Roger, of the Spectator and the others of the Club, of Will Wimble, and even of Tom Touchy, these are particularly presented to us in the Papers, and it would be impertinent to try and summarize here, or to say over, what Addison and Steele say so well later on. It is besides one of the best of exercises for the student to form his own ideas on these things, and to express them either by a talk in class, or by writing a sketch of one character or another, or some adaptation of the circumstances or characters to life with which we are more familiar. It is worth noting that we must not expect the most absolute consistency in these studies of character. They were written at different times by different persons. It seems probable that Addison who elaborated the character thought of him as rather older than did Steele who first sketched it. Thus Steele says particularly that Sir Roger was fifty-six years. Addison always speaks of him as an old man, indeed says

that he had courted the widow forty years before, which we otherwise learn was when he was twenty-three or more. Some other slight inconsistencies may be noted, and the fact warns us that it is not in a minor way that we are to draw the character of the country gentleman, but in its general lines. We may perhaps inquire, if Budgell had a correct idea of the old sportsman when he tells that he imported foxes from another country to gain credit by hunting them. But in general we shall find that Addison and Steele had very nearly the same ideas.

In the same way we may form some conception of the life of the time, at least in its more superficial aspects. These little matters alluded to so lightly, the theatre, the puppet-show, the coffeehouse, the club in the town, the hunt, the assizes, the country mansion in the country, these should be hints or suggestions by which we can go farther and form some idea of social life of the day. But such study demands a little more than can be given in a short introduction. If the school library permit, each allusion or reference may be made the starting point of an inquiry in some good book on the period.¹ Thus the paper on Leonora compared with Will Honeycomb's remarks in No. 34 may make us want to know something about the fine lady of the period, and the account of the clergyman at Coverley Hall may lead us to ask about the religion of the day. The papers on party politics illustrate the history of the time, the paper on manners gives us something of the social life. Everything shows us a life a little different from our own. But, recognizing this difference, we shall generally observe, too, that everything at bottom is not unlike our own life, and that makes it all interesting, to see the mind of man, always much the same, devising all sorts of new forms for himself.

As to the third matter of importance, our authors' observa-

¹ Lecky's "History of England in the Eighteenth Century" is a great book covering more than our period, but valuable if it happen to be at hand. Ashton's "Social Life in the Reign of Queen Anne" has a great deal of good material. Green's "History of the English People" and Traill's "Social England" are also excellent.

tions and reflections, or, in shorter words, their ideas, we are often inclined with such books as the "Spectator" not to consider the value of these matters in themselves. Let us, however, for a moment consider their opinions and see whether they have anything of value for us. For their own day there can be little doubt that they had value: Addison and Steele meant not only to amuse their readers but to help them along, and certainly there is much in the essays of one sort or another which they might readily have taken to heart.

Let us look for a moment at the ideas. In No. 6 we have a discussion which, though put in the mouth chiefly of Sir Roger, was undoubtedly of interest in itself. It is a good exercise to try to sum up in a sentence of, say thirty or forty words, the idea that Steele had it in mind to present. We will not try to do that here, but we will present merely one statement in the paper, namely this: "There is hardly that person to be found who is not more concerned for the reputation of wit and sense, than honesty and virtue." Is this true to-day? and if so what are we to think of it? Can we get anything of value out of Steele's discussion of it that will help us to make up our own minds about it and to follow our own course in the matter?

Or take another idea that may seem a little more to the point. There is the charming Leonora of No. 37. Doubtless there were Leonoras among Addison's readers and many more who saw the point of the humorist's satire. Who was Leonora? She was a lady who had been unfortunately relieved of the duties of a wife and a mother, and who, as the next best thing, turned to self-culture as an object in life. She certainly became a cultivated woman—we shall see that if we read of her indoor amusements and her outdoor employments, and substitute, for what was in fashion two centuries ago, the things that are in fashion to-day. Who can draw a picture of the Leonora of to-day? What is to take the place of the "Grand Cyrus" and the Locke on the Understanding in her library, and of the walks and grottos

of her country seat ? And if we can form in our own mind a picture of the Leonora of to-day, what shall we say of the Spectator's comment, " I look upon her with a mixture of admiration and pity ? " Is there ground for the same satire to-day upon our college women and club women that Addison offered upon the blue stockings of two centuries ago ?

What are the ideas worth ? That should always be a question with us. We are, some of us, too much in the habit of thinking that if we get at the ideas of the author, know what they are and that they are his, we have done the main thing. But of what use is it to us as reasonable creatures to know that Addison or Steele had such and such thoughts if we do not understand the value of the thoughts and their application to ourselves ? Undoubtedly some of the ideas will not have much application : No. 117 is on Witchcraft, and there is little real interest in that subject to-day save as history, nor can we gather much from the paper if we take it as a comment upon superstition in general. But usually the ideas have application. No. 174 gives us an argument which presents the views of the two great elements in English life, the money interest and the landed interest. Undoubtedly we cannot say that those interests exist to-day and in our own country in just the same relation that they held in the days when Sir Roger and Sir Andrew disputed over them. But there is a money interest in this country and there is what is practically a land interest. Steele's sympathy seems to have been chiefly with the moneyed men, as was not unnatural from his political connections. How would it be with one of us to-day ? What sort of discussion could we write if we tried to put No. 174 into modern form ?

Let us then think over the ideas and see what we can get out of them. We want to state for ourselves the general idea of any paper and consider it for what it is worth, as, for instance, the idea in Nos. 125, 126, that furious party spirit is likely to result in civil war and blood-

shed. Or we want to give fair consideration to particular thoughts as we go along, as to Sir Andrew's remark that "it would be worth while to consider, whether so many artificers at work ten days together by my appointment, or so many peasants made merry on Sir Roger's charge, are the men more obliged." When we have really considered what Addison says, looked at it from different sides, compared it with our own experience, got the reason for it and valued it, then we shall have a far better opinion of Addison's value as a writer than if we knew all that could be said of the qualities of his style.

SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS.

It may be well to add a word to teachers, although teachers of literature usually and with reason prefer to follow their own methods. And with this book the right introduction to the average boy or girl lies very largely with the teacher's manner or method, for, as most writers on the matter are agreed, the chief thing to do is to get the pupil interested, after which, things will go easily. And in such a matter as arousing interest a teacher must depend on individual methods and experience.

The editor indicates in the foregoing pages his idea of the important element in the study of these essays. He believes that a study and discussion of the ideas to be found and of the characters presented is the means of gaining from these papers what is best worth having. It is true that supplementary reading and knowledge of the authors and their time is very interesting, much more so with this book than with some others that are a good deal studied. Still the gaining the subject matter of a book, the making it one's own, the assimilating and digesting its thought, the comparing, considering, discussing its ideas and views of life is such a useful habit that it is worth doing with any book that has stood the test of time. Now undoubtedly neither Addi-

son nor Steele is very deep, still they are eminently sensible and right-minded. John Gay, a critic and friend, says of the "Tatler" in a much-quoted passage that "his [Steele's] writings have set all our wits and men of letters on a new way of thinking." It is such a remarkable experience to acquire a new way of thinking that it is certainly worth while to make an effort after it in this case.

It is therefore thought that the best course of study upon these papers will consist

1. In getting the true meaning of the text and understanding it thoroughly. This is not a very difficult matter : to this end pp. xiv-xvi are devoted and the few notes.

2. An appreciation and assimilation of the subject matter. This should not be especially difficult either : it may be carried on by talking over in class the characters and the ideas, and by writing, out of class, papers on such subjects as present themselves to the mind of teacher or scholar. A few such subjects are suggested below.

The Younger Days of Sir Roger.

Will Wimble and Will Honeycomb.

The Value of Satire. (No. 34.)

The Position of Sir Roger on his Estate. (No. 107.)

Will Wimble as example of the Younger Son. (No. 108.)

Instinct in the light of Darwinism. (No. 121.)

Does Party Spirit do more Good than Harm ? (Nos. 125, 126.)

Why not Read Classic Sermons instead of Preaching ? (No. 106.)

"Numbers are the measure of everything that is valuable." (No. 174.)

Manners in City and Country.

Other subjects of the same sort are suggested on pp. xxii-xxiv.

Examination Questions.

It may be added that the Examinations for Entrance to College usually ask for a short essay upon a subject like

the following, all of which have been offered in recent years.

Eighteenth-century life as shown in the Papers.

A Sunday at Coverley Hall.

Sir Roger's Household.

Sir Roger and the Widow.

Sir Roger in Town.

Sir Roger and the People on his Estate.

Addison's purpose in writing these Papers.

Will Wimble and Addison's reason for drawing such a character.

Sir Roger and Dr. Primrose in the "Vicar of Wakefield."

Sir Roger and Squire Thornhill as examples of the Country Squire.

SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY

I. THE SPECTATOR.

No. 1.]

Thursday, March 1, 1711.

[Addison.

*Non fumum ex fulgore, sed ex fumo dare lucem
Cogitat, ut speciosa dehinc miracula promat.*

HORACE, *Ars Poetica*, 143.

*One with a flash begins and ends in smoke ;
Another out of smoke brings glorious light,
And (without raising expectation high)
Surprises us with dazzling miracles.—ROSCOMMON.*

I HAVE observed that a reader seldom peruses a book with pleasure 'till he knows whether the writer of it be a black ¹ or a fair man, of a mild or choleric disposition, married or a bachelor, with other particulars of the like nature, that conduce very much to the right understanding of an author.² To 5 gratify this curiosity, which is so natural to a reader, I design this paper and my next as prefatory discourses to my following writings, and shall give some account in them of the several persons that are engaged in this work. As the chief trouble of compiling, digesting, and correcting, will fall 10 to my share, I must do myself the justice to open the work with my own history.

I was born to a small hereditary estate, which, according to the tradition of the village where it lies, was bounded by the same hedges and ditches in William the Conqueror's time that 15 it is at present, and has been delivered down from father to

¹ dark: so, often, in Shakespeare.

²The last remark is a piece of Addison's humor: the idea he speaks of is current to-day, in theory at least.

son whole and entire, without the loss or acquisition of a single field or meadow, during the space of six hundred years. There runs a story in the family, that, before my birth, my mother dreamt that she was delivered of a judge. Whether this might proceed from a lawsuit which was then depending in the family, or my father's being a justice of the peace, I cannot determine; for I am not so vain as to think it pre-saged any dignity that I should arrive at in my future life, though that was the interpretation which the neighborhood put upon it. The gravity of my behavior at my very first appearance in the world and during my babyhood, seemed to favor my mother's dream: for, as she has often told me, I threw away my rattle before I was two months old, and would not make use of my coral till they had taken away the bells from it.

As for the rest of my infancy, there being nothing in it remarkable, I shall pass it over in silence. I find, that, during my nonage, I had the reputation of a very sullen youth, but was always a favorite of my schoolmaster, who used to say, "that my parts¹ were solid, and would wear well." I had not been long at the University, before I distinguished myself by a most profound silence; for, during the space of eight years, excepting in the public exercises of the college, I scarce uttered the quantity of an hundred words; and indeed do not remember that I ever spoke three sentences together in my whole life. Whilst I was in this learned body, I applied myself with so much diligence to my studies, that there are very few celebrated books, either in the learned or the modern tongues, which I am not acquainted with.

Upon the death of my father, I was resolved to travel into foreign countries, and therefore left the University with the character of an odd unaccountable fellow, that had a great deal of learning, if I would but show it. An insatiable thirst after knowledge carried me into all the countries of Europe,

¹ intellectual attainments: Cf. 2, 5.

in which there was anything new or strange to be seen; nay, to such a degree was my curiosity raised, that having read the controversies of some great men concerning the antiquities of Egypt, I made a voyage to Grand Cairo, on purpose to take the measure of a pyramid; and, as soon as I had set myself 55 right in that particular, returned to my native country with great satisfaction.

I have passed my latter years in this city, where I am frequently seen in most public places, though there are not above half a dozen of my select friends that know me; of whom 60 my next paper shall give a more particular account. There is no place of general resort wherein I do not often make my appearance; sometimes I am seen thrusting my head into a round of politicians at Will's,¹ and listening with great attention to the narratives that are made in those little circular 65 audiences. Sometimes I smoke a pipe at Child's, and, while I seem attentive to nothing but the *Postman*,² overhear the conversation of every table in the room. I appear on Sunday nights at St. James's coffee-house,³ and sometimes join the little committee of politics in the inner room, as one who 70 comes there to hear and improve. My face is likewise very well known at the Grecian, the Cocoa Tree, and in the theatres both of Drury Lane and the Hay Market.⁴ I have been taken for a merchant upon the Exchange⁵ for above these ten years, and sometimes pass for a Jew in the assembly of stock-jobbers 75 at Jonathan's. In short, wherever I see a cluster of people, I always mix with them, though I never open my lips but in my own club.⁶

¹ In Addison's day there were many coffee-houses in London, each having a particular set of visitors. Thus Wills' was the literary coffee-house (though Addison speaks of politicians), Childs' the ministers' and doctors', the Grecian the lawyers'; the St. James was political, used chiefly by the Whigs, as the Cocoa-tree was by the Tories.

² a penny paper of the time.

³ Addison was on the Whig side in politics, and rose to be Secretary of State.

⁴ two famous theatres of the time.

⁵ the Royal Exchange or meeting place for merchants.

⁶ A club in Addison's day was a group which met, generally in the evening, at some tavern.

Thus I live in the world rather as a Spectator of mankind
80 than as one of the species; by which means I have made
myself a speculative statesman, soldier, merchant, and artisan,
without ever meddling with any practical part in life. I am
very well versed in the theory of an husband or a father, and
can discern the errors in the economy, business, and diversion
85 of others, better than those who are engaged in them; as
standers-by discover blots, which are apt to escape those who
are in the game. I never espoused any party with violence,
and am resolved to observe an exact neutrality between the
Whigs and Tories,¹ unless I shall be forced to declare myself
90 by the hostilities of either side. In short, I have acted in all
the parts of my life as a looker-on, which is the character I
intend to preserve in this paper.

I have given the reader just so much of my history and
character, as to let him see I am not altogether unqualified
95 for the business I have undertaken. As for other particulars
in my life and adventures, I shall insert them in following
papers, as I shall see occasion. In the meantime, when I
consider how much I have seen, read, and heard, I begin to
blame my own taciturnity; and since I have neither time nor
100 inclination to communicate the fulness of my heart in speech,
I am resolved to do it in writing, and to print myself out, if
possible, before I die. I have been often told by my friends,
that it is pity so many useful discoveries which I have made
should be in the possession of a silent man. For this reason,
105 therefore, I shall publish a sheet full of thoughts every morn-
ing, for the benefit of my contemporaries; and if I can any
way contribute to the diversion or improvement of the country
in which I live, I shall leave it when I am summoned out of
it, with the secret satisfaction of thinking that I have not
110 lived in vain.

There are three very material points which I have not

¹ The old party names in England, corresponding to the Liberals and Conservatives of the present. The names arose toward the end of the seventeenth century.

spoken to in this paper, and which, for several important reasons, I must keep to myself, at least for some time: I mean, an account of my name, my age, and my lodgings. I must confess I would gratify my reader in anything that is 115 reasonable; but as for these three particulars, though I am sensible they might tend very much to the embellishment of my paper, I cannot yet come to a resolution of communicating them to the public. They would indeed draw me out of that obscurity which I have enjoyed for many years, and expose 120 me in public places to several salutes and civilities, which have been always very disagreeable to me; for the greatest pain I can suffer is the being talked to, and being stared at. It is for this reason likewise that I keep my complexion and dress as very great secrets; though it is not impossible but 125 I may make discoveries of both in the progress of the work I have undertaken.

After having been thus particular upon myself, I shall in to-morrow's paper give an account of those gentlemen who are concerned with me in this work; for, as I have before 130 intimated, a plan of it is laid and concerted (as all other matters of importance are) in a club. However, as my friends have engaged me to stand in the front, those who have a mind to correspond with me may direct their letters to *The Spectator*, at Mr. Buckley's in Little Britain. For 135 I must further acquaint the reader, that though our club meets only on Tuesdays and Thursdays, we have appointed a committee to sit every night, for the inspection of all such papers as may contribute to the advancement of the public weal.

II. THE CLUB.

No. 2.]

Friday, March 2, 1711.

[Steele.

—*Ast alii sex,**Et plures, uno conclamant ore.*JUVENAL, *Satire vii.* 167.*Six more, at least, join their consenting voice.*

THE first of our society is a gentleman of Worcestershire, of ancient descent, a baronet,¹ his name Sir Roger de Coverley. His great-grandfather was inventor of that famous country dance which is called after him. All who know that shire
 5 are very well acquainted with the parts² and merits of Sir Roger. He is a gentleman that is very singular in his behavior, but his singularities proceed from his good sense, and are contradictions to the manners of the world only³ as he thinks the world is in the wrong. However, this humor
 10 creates him no enemies, for he does nothing with sourness or obstinacy; and his being unconfined to modes and forms makes him but the readier and more capable to please and oblige all who know him. When he is in town, he lives in Soho Square.⁴ It is said he keeps himself a bachelor by
 15 reason he was crossed in love by a perverse beautiful widow⁵ of the next county to him. Before this disappointment, Sir Roger was what you call a fine gentleman, had often supped with my Lord Rochester⁶ and Sir George Etherege,⁷ fought a duel upon his first coming to town, and kicked Bully Dawson in a public coffee-house for calling him "youngster."
 20 But being ill-used by the above mentioned widow, he was very serious for a year and a half; and though, his temper

¹ Baronet is the hereditary title of an order of knighthood just below the nobility.² Cf. 1, 36.³ modifies *contradictions*.⁴ a fashionable part of London, laid out in the reign of Charles II.⁵ Cf. No. 113.⁶ an extravagant nobleman of the time of Charles II.⁷ a dissipated dramatist.

being naturally jovial, he at last got over it, he grew careless of himself, and never dressed afterwards.¹ He continues to wear a coat and doublet of the same cut that were in 25 fashion at the time of his repulse, which, in his merry humors, he tells us, has been in and out twelve times since he first wore it.² He is now in his fifty-sixth year, cheerful, gay, and hearty; keeps a good house in both town and country; a great lover of mankind; but there is such a mirthful cast 30 in his behavior, that he is rather beloved than esteemed. His tenants grow rich, his servants look satisfied, all the young women profess love to him, and the young men are glad of his company: when he comes into the house he calls the servants by their names, and talks all the way upstairs to a 35 visit. I must not omit that Sir Roger is a justice of the quorum;³ that he fills the chair at a quarter-session⁴ with great abilities, and, three months ago, gained universal applause by explaining a passage in the Game Act.

The gentleman next in esteem and authority among us is 40 another bachelor, who is a member of the Inner Temple,⁵ a man of great probity, wit, and understanding; but he has chosen his place of residence rather to obey the direction of an old humorsome⁶ father, than in pursuit of his own inclinations. He was placed there to study the laws of the 45 land, and is the most learned of any of the house⁷ in those of the stage. Aristotle⁸ and Longinus⁸ are much better understood by him than Littleton⁹ or Coke.⁹ The father sends up every post questions relating to marriage-articles, leases, and tenures, in the neighborhood; all which questions he 50

¹ He used to be very well dressed: Cf. 113, 43.

² thirty-three years before: 113, 37.

³ the justices of the peace of any county, so-called from the first words of the commission appointing them.

⁴ of the magistrates of the county.

⁵ The Temple had long been the home of two of the great societies of the Law.

⁶ fanciful: Cf. humor, 6, 84.

⁷ of his brother lawyers.

⁸ two of the great literary critics of antiquity.

⁹ great authorities on the law.

agrees with an attorney to answer and take care of in the lump. He is studying the passions themselves, when he should be inquiring into the debates among men which arise from them. He knows the argument of each of the orations
 55 of Demosthenes and Tully, but not one case in the reports of our own courts. No one ever took him for a fool, but none, except his intimate friends, know he has a great deal of wit. This turn makes him at once both disinterested and agreeable: as few of his thoughts are drawn from business,
 60 they are most of them fit for conversation. His taste of books is a little too just for the age he lives in; he has read all, but approves of very few. His familiarity with the customs, manners, actions, and writings of the ancients makes him a very delicate observer of what occurs to him in the
 65 present world. He is an excellent critic, and the time of the play is his hour of business; exactly at five he passes through New Inn, crosses through Russell Court, and takes a turn at Will's till the play begins; he has his shoes rubbed and his periwig powdered at the barber's as you go into the Rose.
 70 It is for the good of the audience when he is at a play, for the actors have an ambition to please him.

The person of next consideration is Sir Andrew Freeport, a merchant of great eminence in the city¹ of London, a person of indefatigable industry, strong reason, and great experi-
 75 ence. His notions of trade are noble and generous, and (as every rich man has usually some sly way of jesting, which would make no great figure were he not a rich man) he calls the sea the British Common. He is acquainted with commerce in all its parts, and will tell you that it is a stupid and
 80 barbarous way to extend dominion by arms; for true power is to be got by arts and industry.² He will often argue that

¹ the old part of London, where the merchants had their shops, and, in Addison's day, their houses too: Cf. 34, 29.

² The world has not reached this point of wisdom yet: it now endeavors chiefly to extend its commerce, but very often by means of war. Sir Andrew would have reversed the maxim, "Trade follows the flag."

if this part of our trade were well cultivated, we should gain from one nation; and if another, from another. I have heard him prove that diligence makes more lasting acquisitions than valor, and that sloth has ruined more nations than the sword. He abounds in several frugal maxims, amongst which the greatest favorite is, "A penny saved is a penny got." A general trader of good sense is pleasanter company than a general scholar; and Sir Andrew having a natural unaffected eloquence, the perspicuity of his discourse gives the same pleasure that wit would in another man. He has made his fortunes himself, and says that England may be richer than other kingdoms by as plain methods as he himself is richer than other men; though at the same time I can say this of him, that there is not a point in the compass but blows home a ship in which he is an owner.

Next to Sir Andrew in the club-room sits Captain Sentry, a gentleman of great courage, good understanding, but invincible modesty. He is one of those that deserve very well, but are very awkward at putting their talents within the observation of such as should take notice of them. He was some years a captain, and behaved himself with great gallantry in several engagements and at several sieges; but having a small estate of his own, and being next heir to Sir Roger, he has quitted a way of life in which no man can rise suitably to his merit who is not something of a courtier as well as a soldier. I have heard him often lament that in a profession where merit is placed in so conspicuous a view, impudence should get the better of modesty. When he has talked to this purpose I never heard him make a sour expression, but frankly confess that he left the world because he was not fit for it. A strict honesty and an even, regular behavior are in themselves obstacles to him that must press through crowds, who endeavor at the same end with himself,—the favor of a commander. He will, however, in this way of talk excuse generals for not disposing according to men's

desert, or inquiring into it: "for," says he, "that great man who has a mind to help me, has as many to break through to come at me, as I have to come at him;" therefore he will
120 conclude, that the man who would make a figure,¹ especially in a military way, must get over all false modesty, and assist his patron against the importunity of other pretenders by a proper assurance in his own vindication. He says it is a civil cowardice to be backward in asserting what you ought to expect, as it is a military fear to be slow in attacking when it is your duty. With this candor does the gentleman speak of himself and others. The same frankness runs through all his conversation. The military part of his life has furnished him with many adventures, in the relation of which he is very
130 agreeable to the company; for he is never overbearing, though accustomed to command men in the utmost degree below him; nor ever too obsequious from a habit of obeying men highly above him.

But that our society may not appear a set of humorists²
135 unacquainted with the gallantries and pleasures of the age, we have among us the gallant Will Honeycomb, a gentleman who according to his years should be in the decline of his life, but having ever been very careful of his person, and always had a very easy fortune, time has made but very little
140 impression either by wrinkles on his forehead, or traces in his brain. His person is well turned, and of good height. He is very ready at that sort of discourse with which men usually entertain women. He has all his life dressed very well, and remembers habits as others do men. He can smile
145 when one speaks to him, and laughs easily. He knows the history of every mode, and can inform you from whom our wives and daughters had this manner of curling their hair, that way of placing their hoods, or that sort of petticoat, and whose vanity to show her foot made that part of the dress
150 so short in such a year. In a word, all his conversation and

¹ be prominent.² whimsical fellows.

knowledge has been in the female world. As other men of his age will take notice to you what such a minister said upon such and such an occasion, he will tell you when the Duke of Monmouth¹ danced at court such a woman was then smitten, another was taken with him at the head of his troop 155 in the Park. In all these important relations, he has ever about the same time received a kind glance or a blow of a fan from some celebrated beauty, mother of the present Lord Such-a-one. If you speak of a young commoner that said a lively thing in the House, he starts up: "He has good 160 blood in his viens; Tom Mirabell begot him; the rogue cheated me in that affair; that young fellow's mother used me more like a dog than any woman I ever made advances to." This way of talking of his very much enlivens the conversation among us of a more sedate turn; and I find there 165 is not one of the company, but myself, who rarely speak at all, but speaks of him as of that sort of man who is usually called a well-bred fine gentleman. To conclude his character, where women are not concerned, he is an honest worthy man.

I cannot tell whether I am to account him whom I am next 170 to speak of as one of our company, for he visits us but seldom; but when he does, it adds to every man else a new enjoyment of himself. He is a clergyman, a very philosophic man, of general learning, great sanctity of life, and the most exact good breeding. He has the misfortune to be of a very weak 175 constitution, and consequently cannot accept of such cares and business as preferments in his function would oblige him to; he is therefore among divines what a chamber-counsellor is among lawyers. The probity of his mind, and the integrity of his life, create him followers, as being eloquent or 180 loud advances others. He seldom introduces the subject he speaks upon; but we are so far gone in years, that he observes, when he is among us, an earnestness to have him fall on some divine topic, which he always treats with much

¹ an unfortunate son of Charles II.

185 authority, as one who has no interest in this world, as one who is hastening to the object of all his wishes, and conceives hope from his decays and infirmities. These are my ordinary companions.

III. SIR ROGER ON MEN OF PARTS.

No. 6.]

Wednesday, March 7, 1711.

[Steel.

*Credebant hoc grande nefas, et morte piandum,
Si juvenis vetulo non assurrexerat—*

JUVENAL, *Satire* xiii. 54.

*'Twas impious then (so much was age revered)
For youth to keep their seats when an old man appeared.*

I KNOW no evil under the sun so great as the abuse of the understanding, and yet there is no one vice more common. It has diffused itself through both sexes, and all qualities of mankind; and there is hardly that person to be found, who
5 is not more concerned for the reputation of wit and sense, than honesty and virtue. But this unhappy affectation of being wise rather than honest, witty than good-natured, is the source of most of the ill habits of life. Such false impressions are owing to the abandoned¹ writings of men of
10 wit, and the awkward imitation of the rest of mankind.

For this reason Sir Roger was saying last night, that he was of opinion that none but men of fine parts deserve to be hanged. The reflections of such men are so delicate upon all occurrences which they are concerned in, that they should be
15 exposed to more than ordinary infamy and punishment, for offending against such quick admonitions as their own souls give them, and blunting the fine edge of their minds in such a manner, that they are no more shocked at vice and folly than men of slower capacities. There is no greater monster

¹ i. e. by sense and morality.

in being than a very ill ¹ man of great parts: he lives like a 20
 man in a palsy, with one side of him dead. While perhaps
 he enjoys the satisfaction of luxury, of wealth, of ambition,
 he has lost the taste of good-will, of friendship, of innocence.
 Scarecrow, the beggar, in Lincoln's-inn-fields, who disabled
 himself in his right leg, and asks alms all day to get himself 25
 a warm supper and a bed at night, is not half so despicable a
 wretch, as such a man of sense. The beggar has no relish
 above sensations; he finds rest more agreeable than motion;
 and while he has a warm fire and his doxy, never reflects
 that he deserves to be whipped. "Every man who terminates 30
 his satisfaction and enjoyments within the supply of his own
 necessities and passions is," says Sir Roger, "in my eye, as poor
 a rogue as Scarecrow. But," continued he, "for the loss of
 public and private virtue, we are beholden to your men of
 parts forsooth; it is with them no matter what is done, so it 35
 is done with an air.² But to me, who am so whimsical, in a
 corrupt age, as to act according to nature and reason, a selfish
 man, in the most shining circumstance and equipage, appears
 in the same condition with the fellow above-mentioned, but
 more contemptible in proportion to what more he robs the 40
 public of, and enjoys above him. I lay it down therefore for
 a rule, that the whole man is to move together; that every
 action of any importance is to have a prospect of public good;
 and that the general tendency of our indifferent actions ought
 to be agreeable to the dictates of reason, of religion, of good- 45
 breeding; without this, a man, as I have before hinted, is
 hopping instead of walking, he is not in his entire and proper
 motion."

While the honest Knight was thus bewildering himself in
 good starts,³ I looked intently upon him, which made him, 50
 I thought, collect his mind a little. "What I aim at," says

¹ bad.

² in a striking manner, as though it were a matter of great importance.

³ He had some good ideas, but he could not follow them out.

he, "is to represent that I am of opinion, to polish our understandings, and neglect our manners, is of all things the most inexcusable. Reason should govern passion, but instead
55 of that, you see, it is often subservient to it; and, as unaccountable as one would think it, a wise man is not always a good man."

This degeneracy is not only the guilt of particular persons, but also, at some times, of a whole people; and perhaps it may appear upon examination, that the most polite
60 ages are the least virtuous. This may be attributed to the folly of admitting wit and learning as merit in themselves, without considering the application of them. By this means it becomes a rule, not so much to regard what we do, as how we do it. But this false beauty will not pass upon
65 men of honest minds and true taste. Sir Richard Blackmore¹ says, with as much good sense as virtue, "It is a mighty dishonor and shame to employ excellent faculties and abundance of wit, to humor and please men in their vices and
70 follies. The great enemy of mankind, notwithstanding his wit and angelic faculties, is the most odious being in the whole creation." He goes on soon after to say, very generously, that he undertook the writing of his poem² "to rescue the Muses out of the hands of ravishers, to restore them to
75 their sweet and chaste mansions, and to engage them in an employment suitable to their dignity." This certainly ought to be the purpose of every man who appears in public, and whoever does not proceed upon that foundation injures his country as fast as he succeeds in his studies. When modesty
80 ceases to be the chief ornament of one sex, and integrity of the other, society is upon a wrong basis, and we shall be ever after without rules to guide our judgment in what is really becoming and ornamental. Nature and reason direct one thing, passion and humor another. To follow the dictates

¹ a poet of the day, usually thought rather dull.

² His poem "Creation" was published in 1712.

of the two latter is going into a road that is both endless and 85
intricate; when we pursue the other, our passage is delightful,
and what we aim at easily attainable.

I do not doubt but England is at present as polite¹ a nation 90
as any in the world; but any man who thinks can easily see,
that the affectation of being gay and in fashion has very
near eaten up our good sense and our religion. Is there
anything so just as that mode and gallantry should be built
upon exerting ourselves in what is proper and agreeable to the
institutions of justice and piety among us? And yet is there
anything more common than that we run in perfect contra- 95
diction to them? All which is supported by no other pre-
tension than that it is done with what we call a good grace.

Nothing ought to be held laudable or becoming, but what
nature itself should prompt us to think so. Respect to all
kinds of superiors is founded methinks upon instinct; and yet 100
what is so ridiculous as age? I make this abrupt transition
to the mention of this vice, more than any other, in order
to introduce a little story, which I think a pretty instance that
the most polite age is in danger of being the most vicious.

It happened at Athens, during a public representation of 105
some play exhibited, in honor of the commonwealth, that an
old gentleman came too late for a place suitable to his age and
quality. Many of the young gentlemen, who observed the
difficulty and confusion he was in, made signs to him that
they would accommodate him if he came where they sat. The 110
good man bustled through the crowd accordingly; but when
he came to the seats to which he was invited, the jest was to
sit close and expose him, as he stood, out of countenance, to
the whole audience. The frolic went around all the Athenian
benches. But on those occasions there were also particular 115
places assigned for foreigners. When the good man skulked
towards the boxes appointed for the Lacedæmonians, that

¹ polished, elegant in manners and behavior: 112, 56.

² on the part of the young men.

honest people, more virtuous than polite, rose up all to a man, and with the greatest respect received him among them. The
 120 Athenians being suddenly touched with a sense of the Spartan virtue and their own degeneracy, gave a thunder of applause; and the old man cried out, "The Athenians understand what is good, but the Lacedæmonians practise it."

IV. THE SPECTATOR AT HIS CLUB.

No. 34.]

Monday, April 9, 1711.

[Addison.

—*parcit*
Cognatis maculis similis fera—

JUVENAL, *Satire* xv. 159.

From spotted skins the leopard does refrain.—TATE.

THE club of which I am a member is very luckily composed of such persons as are engaged in different ways of life, and deputed as it were out of the most conspicuous classes of mankind: ¹ by this means I am furnished with the greatest
 5 variety of hints and materials, and know everything that passes in the different quarters and divisions, not only of this great city, but of the whole kingdom. My readers, too, have the satisfaction to find, that there is no rank or degree among them who have not their representative in this club, and that
 10 there is always somebody present who will take care of their respective interests, that nothing may be written or published to the prejudice or infringement of their just rights and privileges.

I last night sat very late in company with this select body
 15 of friends, who entertained me with several remarks which they and others had made upon these my speculations, as also with the various success, which they had met with among their several ranks and degrees of readers. Will Honeycomb

¹ There were a country gentleman and a man about town, a man of law and a clergyman, a merchant and a soldier.

told me, in the softest manner he could, that there were some ladies (But for your comfort, says Will, they are not those of 20 the most wit) that were offended at the liberties I had taken with the opera and the puppet-show;¹ that some of them were likewise very much surprised, that I should think such serious points as the dress and equipage² of persons of quality proper subjects for raillery. 25

He was going on, when Sir Andrew Freeport took him up short, and told him, that the papers he hinted at had done great good in the city, and that all their wives and daughters were the better for them: and further added, that the whole city thought themselves very much obliged to me for declar- 30 ing my generous intentions to scourge vice and folly as they appear in a multitude, without condescending to be a publisher of particular intrigues. "In short," says Sir Andrew, "if you avoid that foolish beaten road of falling upon aldermen and citizens, and employ your pen upon the vanity and 35 luxury of courts, your paper must needs be of general use."

Upon this my friend the Templar told Sir Andrew, that he wondered to hear a man of his sense talk after that manner; that the city had always been the province for satire; and that the wits of King Charles's time jested upon nothing 40 else during his whole reign. He then showed, by the examples of Horace, Juvenal, Boileau, and the best writers of every age, that the follies of the stage and court had never been accounted too sacred for ridicule, how great soever the persons might be that patronized them. But after all, says 45 he, I think your raillery has made too great an excursion, in attacking several persons of the Inns of Court³; and I do not believe you can show me any precedent for your behavior in that particular.⁴

My good friend Sir Roger de Coverley, who had said noth- 50

¹ This refers to some previous Spectators. ² bearing, or, here perhaps, retinue.

³ The four great societies of the Law are so called.

⁴ Each one thinks the Spectator at fault in commenting upon his own special world.

ing all this while, began his speech with a Pish! and told us, that he wondered to see so many men of sense so very serious upon fooleries. "Let our good friend," says he, "attack every one that deserves it; I would only advise you, Mr. Spec-
55 tator," applying himself to me, "to take care how you meddle with country squires: they are the ornaments of the English nation; men of good heads and sound bodies! and let me tell you, some of them take it ill of you, that you mention fox hunters with so little respect."

60 Captain Sentry spoke very sparingly on this occasion. What he said was only to commend my prudence in not touching upon the army, and advised me to continue to act discreetly in that point.

By this time I found every subject of my speculations was
65 taken away from me, by one or other of the club; and began to think to myself in the condition of the good man that had one wife who took a dislike to his gray hairs, and another to his black, till by their picking out what each of them had an aversion to, they left his head altogether bald and naked.

70 While I was thus musing with myself, my worthy friend the clergyman, who, very luckily for me, was at the club that night, undertook my cause. He told us, that he wondered any order of persons should think themselves too considerable to be advised: that it was not quality, but innocence, which ex-
75 empted men from reproof: that vice and folly ought to be attacked wherever they could be met with, and especially when they were placed in high and conspicuous stations of life. He further added, that my paper would only serve to aggravate the pains of poverty, if it chiefly exposed those
80 who are already depressed, and in some measure turned into ridicule, by the meanness of their conditions and circumstances. He afterwards proceeded to take notice of the great use this paper might be of to the public, by reprehending those vices which are too trivial for the chastisement of the
85 law, and too fantastical for the cognizance of the pulpit. He

then advised me to prosecute my undertaking with cheerfulness, and assured me, that whoever might be displeased with me, I should be approved by all those whose praises do honor to the persons on whom they are bestowed.

The whole club pays a particular deference to the discourse 90
of this gentleman, and are drawn into what he says, as much by the candid and ingenuous manner with which he delivers himself, as by the strength of argument and force of reason which he makes use of. Will Honeycomb immediately agreed that what he had said was right; and that for his part, 95
he would not insist upon the quarter which he had demanded for the ladies. Sir Andrew gave up the city with the same frankness. The Templar would not stand out, and was followed by Sir Roger and the Captain, who all agreed that I should be at liberty to carry the war into what quarter I 100
pleased, provided I continued to combat with criminals in a body, and to assault the vice without hurting the person.

This debate, which was held for the good of mankind, put me in mind of that which the Roman triumvirate were formerly engaged in, for their destruction.¹ Every man at 105
first stood hard for his friend, till they found that by this means they should spoil their proscription; and at length, making a sacrifice of all their acquaintance and relations, furnished out a very decent execution.

Having thus taken my resolution to march on boldly in the 110
cause of virtue and good sense, and to annoy their adversaries in whatever degree or rank of men they may be found, I shall be deaf for the future to all the remonstrances that shall be made to me on this account. If Punch grow extravagant, I shall reprimand him very freely; if the stage becomes a nur- 115
sery of folly and impertinence, I shall not be afraid to advert upon it. In short, if I meet with anything in city, court, or country, that shocks modesty or good manners, I shall use my utmost endeavors to make an example of it. I

¹ The incident is immortalized in "Julius Caesar," iv, 1.

120 must, however, intreat every particular person, who does me
the honor to be a reader of this paper, never to think him-
self, or any one of his friends or enemies, aimed at in what
is said; for I promise him never to draw a faulty character
which does not fit at least a thousand people, or to publish
125 a single paper that is not written in the spirit of benevolence,
and with a love to mankind.

V. A LADY'S LIBRARY.

No. 37.]

Thursday, April 12, 1711.

[Addison.

—*Non illa colo calathisve Minervæ
Fœmineas assueta manus.*—

VIRGIL, *Æneid*, vii. 805.

Unbred to spinning, in the loom unskill'd.—DRYDEN.

SOME months ago, my friend Sir Roger, being in the
country, enclosed a letter to me, directed to a certain lady,
whom I shall here call by the name of Leonora, and, as it
contained matters of consequence, desired me to deliver it to
5 her with my own hand. Accordingly I waited upon her
ladyship pretty early in the morning, and was desired by her
woman to walk into her lady's library, till such time as she
was in a readiness to receive me. The very sound of *a lady's
library* gave me a great curiosity to see it; and, as it was some
10 time before the lady came to me. I had an opportunity of
turning over a great many of her books, which were ranged
together in a very beautiful order. At the end of the folios
(which were finely bound and gilt) were great jars of china
placed one above another in a very noble piece of architecture.
15 The quartos were separated from the octavos by a pile of
smaller vessels, which rose in a delightful pyramid. The
octavos were bounded by tea-dishes of all shapes, colors, and
sizes, which were so disposed on a wooden frame that the

looked like one continued pillar indented with the finest strokes of sculpture, and stained with the greatest variety 20 of dyes. That part of the library which was designed for the reception of plays and pamphlets, and other loose papers, was enclosed in a kind of square, consisting of one of the prettiest grotesque works that ever I saw, and made up of scaramouches, lions, monkeys, mandarins, trees, shells, and 25 a thousand other odd figures in chinaware. In the midst of the room was a little japan table, with a quire of gilt paper upon it, and on the paper a silver snuff-box made in the shape of a little book. I found there were several other counterfeit books upon the upper shelves, which were carved in wood, 30 and served only to fill up the number, like fagots in the muster of a regiment. I was wonderfully pleased with such a mixed kind of furniture, as seemed very suitable both to the lady and the scholar, and did not know at first whether I should fancy myself in a grotto, or in a library. 35

Upon my looking into the books, I found there were some few which the lady had bought for her own use, but that most of them had been got together, either because she had heard them praised, or because she had seen the authors of them. Among several that I examined I very well remember 40 these that follow.

Ogilby's *Virgil*.

Dryden's *Juvenal*.

Cassandra.¹

Cleopatra.¹

Astræa.¹

Sir Isaac Newton's works.

The Grand Cyrus,² with a pin stuck in one of the middle leaves.

Pembroke's *Arcadia*.³

45

50

¹ popular romances from the French.

² a French romance of great popularity.

³ The "Arcadia" was dedicated by Sir Philip Sidney to his sister, the countess of Pembroke.

Locke of *Human Understanding*,¹ with a paper of patches in it.

A spelling-book.

A dictionary for the explanation of hard words.

55 Sherlock upon *Death*.

The Fifteen Comforts of Matrimony.

Sir William Temple's *Essays*.

Father Malebranche's *Search after Truth*, translated into English.

60 A book of novels.

The Academy of Compliments.

Culpepper's *Midwifery*.

The Ladies' Calling.²

Tales in Verse, by Mr. Durfey,³ bound in red leather, gilt on the back, and doubled down in several places.

All the classic authors in wood.⁴

A set of Elzevirs by the same hand.

Clelia,⁵ which opened of itself in the place that describes two lovers in a bower.

70 Baker's *Chronicle*.⁶

Advice to a Daughter.

The New Atlantis, with a key⁷ to it.

Mr. Steele's⁸ *Christian Hero*.

A prayer-book; with a bottle of Hungary water by the side of it.

Dr. Sacheverell's *Speech*.⁹

Fielding's Trial.

¹ Leonora probably read Locke as little as she did Newton, l. 47. Patches of court plaster were common in those days even with those who had no need for them.

² a religious work.

³ a light author of tales and verses.

⁴ as noted in l. 30.

⁵ a romance of the school of the Grand Cyrus.

⁶ an old history of England: Sir Roger was devoted to it: Cf. 329, 9.

⁷ an explanation of what real persons were represented by the characters.

⁸ Addison's collaborator on the *Spectator*.

⁹ Dr. Sacheverell was a clergyman of the day. He had been made the victim of a political prosecution that had caused immense excitement.

Seneca's *Morals*.

Taylor's *Holy Living and Dying*.

La Ferte's *Instructions for Country Dances*.

80

I was taking a catalogue in my pocket-book of these, and several other authors, when Leonora entered, and, upon my presenting her with the letter from the Knight, told me, with an unspeakable grace, that she hoped Sir Roger was in good health. I answered "Yes," for I hate long speeches, and 85 after a bow or two retired.

Leonora was formerly a celebrated beauty, and is still a very lovely woman. She has been a widow for two or three years, and being unfortunate in her first marriage, has taken a resolution never to venture upon a second. She has no 90 children to take care of, and leaves the management of her estate to my good friend Sir Roger. But as the mind naturally sinks into a kind of lethargy, and falls asleep, that is not agitated by some favorite pleasures and pursuits, Leonora has turned all the passions of her sex into a love of books 95 and retirement. She converses chiefly with men (as she has often said herself), but it is only in their writings; and she admits of very few male visitants, except my friend Sir Roger, whom she hears with great pleasure, and without scandal. As her reading has lain very much among ro- 100 mances, it has given her a very particular turn of thinking, and discovers itself even in her house, her gardens, and her furniture. Sir Roger has entertained me an hour together with a description of her country-seat, which is situated in a kind of wilderness, about an hundred miles distant from 105 London, and looks like a little enchanted palace. The rocks about her are shaped into artificial grottoes, covered with woodbines and jessamines. The woods are cut into shady walks, twisted into bowers, and filled with cages of turtles.¹ The springs are made to run among pebbles, and by that 110

¹ turtle doves. Half a century after this Dr. Johnson says that *turtle* is used for *tortoise* by sailors and gluttons,

means taught to murmur very agreeably. They are likewise collected into a beautiful lake, that is inhabited by a couple of swans, and empties itself by a little rivulet which runs through a green meadow, and is known in the family by the name of "The Purling Stream." The Knight likewise tells me, that this lady preserves her game better than any of the gentlemen in the country.¹ "Not," says Sir Roger, "that she sets so great a value upon her partridges and pheasants, as upon her larks and nightingales. For she says that every bird which is killed in her ground will spoil a concert, and that she shall certainly miss him the next year."

When I think how oddly this lady is improved by learning, I look upon her with a mixture of admiration and pity. Amidst these innocent entertainments which she has formed to herself, how much more valuable does she appear than those of her sex, who employ themselves in diversions that are less reasonable, though more in fashion! What improvements would a woman have made, who is so susceptible of impressions from what she reads, had she been guided to such books as have a tendency to enlighten the understanding and rectify the passions, as well as to those which are of little more use than to divert the imagination!²

But the manner of a lady's employing herself usefully in reading shall be the subject of another paper, in which I design to recommend such particular books as may be proper for the improvement of the sex. And as this is a subject of a very nice³ nature, I shall desire my correspondents to give me their thoughts upon it.

¹ Preserving game is one of the traditional duties of an English landlord.

² evidently the Spectator had a slight opinion of novel-reading.

³ particular, delicate.

VI. SIR ROGER AT HOME.¹

No. 106.]

Monday, July 2, 1711.

[Addison.

*Hinc tibi copia
Manabit ad plenum, benigno
Ruris honorum opulenta cornu.*

HORACE, *Odes*, I. xvii. 14.

*Here plenty's liberal horn shall pour
Of fruits for thee a copious show'r,
Rich honors of the quiet plain.*

HAVING often received an invitation from my friend Sir Roger de Coverley to pass away a month with him in the country, I last week accompanied him thither, and am settled with him for some time at his country house, where I intend to form several of my ensuing speculations. Sir Roger, who is very well acquainted with my humor, lets me rise and go to bed when I please, dine at his own table or in my chamber as I think fit, sit still and say nothing without bidding me be merry. When the gentlemen of the country come to see him, he only shows me at a distance. As I have been walking in his fields I have observed them stealing a sight of me over an hedge, and have heard the Knight desiring them not to let me see them, for that I hated to be stared at.

I am the more at ease in Sir Roger's family, because it consists of sober and staid persons; for, as the Knight is the best master in the world, he seldom changes his servants; and as he is beloved by all about him, his servants never care for leaving him; by this means his domestics are all in years, and grown old with their master. You would take his *valet de chambre* for his brother, his butler is gray-headed, his groom is one of the gravest men that I have ever seen, and his

¹ The papers describing the Spectator's visit to Sir Roger make up the main part of the Sir Roger de Coverley Papers. Taken together they constitute a character sketch of the greatest interest in the development of English fiction, as noticed in the Introduction, p. xlii.

coachman has the looks of a privy counsellor. You see the goodness of the master even in the old house-dog, and in a gray pad that is kept in the stable with great care and tenderness, out of regard to his past services, though he has been useless for several years.

I could not but observe with a great deal of pleasure, the joy that appeared in the countenances of these ancient domestics upon my friend's arrival at his country-seat. Some of them could not refrain from tears at the sight of their old master; every one of them pressed forward to do something for him, and seemed discouraged if they were not employed. At the same time the good old Knight, with a mixture of the father and the master of the family, tempered the inquiries after his own affairs with several kind questions relating to themselves. This humanity and good-nature engages everybody to him, so that when he is pleasant¹ upon any of them, all his family are in good humor, and none so much as the person whom he diverts himself with: on the contrary, if he coughs, or betrays any infirmity of old age, it is easy for a stander-by to observe a secret concern in the looks of all his servants.

My worthy friend has put me under the particular care of his butler, who is a very prudent man, and, as well as the rest of his fellow-servants, wonderfully desirous of pleasing me, because they have often heard their master talk of me as of his particular friend.

My chief companion, when Sir Roger is diverting himself in the woods or the fields, is a very venerable man who is ever with Sir Roger, and has lived at his house in the nature of a chaplain above thirty years. This gentleman is a person of good sense and some learning, of a very regular life and obliging conversation: he heartily loves Sir Roger, and knows that he is very much in the old Knight's esteem, so that he lives in the family rather as a relation than a dependent.

¹ makes his joke upon: Cf. 107, 45.

I have observed in several of my papers that my friend Sir Roger, amidst all his good qualities, is something of an humorist;¹ and that his virtues as well as imperfections are, as it were, tinged by a certain extravagance, which makes them particularly his, and distinguishes them from those of 60 other men. This cast of mind, as it is generally very innocent in itself, so it renders his conversation highly agreeable, and more delightful than the same degree of sense and virtue would appear in their common and ordinary colors. As I was walking with him last night, he asked me how I liked 65 the good man whom I have just now mentioned, and without staying for my answer told me, that he was afraid of being insulted with Latin and Greek at his own table,² for which reason he desired a particular friend of his at the University to find him out a clergyman rather of plain sense than much 70 learning, of a good aspect, a clear voice, a sociable temper, and, if possible, a man that understood a little of backgammon. "My friend," says Sir Roger, "found me out this gentleman, who, besides the endowments required of him, is, they tell me, a good scholar, though he does not show it. I have given 75 him the parsonage of the parish; and, because I know his value, have settled upon him a good annuity for life. If he outlives me, he shall find that he was higher in my esteem than perhaps he thinks he is. He has now been with me thirty years, and, though he does not know I have taken notice 80 of it, has never in all that time asked anything of me for himself, though he is every day soliciting me for something in behalf of one or other of my tenants his parishioners. There has not been a lawsuit in the parish since he has lived among them: if any dispute arises they apply themselves to 85 him for the decision; if they do not acquiesce in his judgment, which I think never happened above once or twice at most, they appeal to me. At his first settling with me I made

¹ a somewhat eccentric fellow.

² He himself had probably never studied either language, or had forgotten what he knew.

him a present of all the good sermons which have been printed
90 in English, and only begged of him that every Sunday he
would pronounce one of them in the pulpit. Accordingly
he has digested them into such a series, that they follow one
another naturally, and make a continued system of practical
divinity."

95 As Sir Roger was going on in his story, the gentleman we
were talking of came up to us; and upon the Knight's asking
him who preached to-morrow (for it was Saturday night)
told us the Bishop of St. Asaph in the morning, and Dr.
South¹ in the afternoon. He then showed us his list of
100 preachers for the whole year, where I saw with a great deal
of pleasure Archbishop Tillotson, Bishop Saunderson, Dr.
Barrow, Dr. Calamy, with several living authors who have
published discourses of practical divinity. I no sooner saw
this venerable man in the pulpit, but I very much approved
105 of my friend's insisting upon the qualifications of a good
aspect and a clear voice; for I was so charmed with the
gracefulness of his figure and delivery, as well as with the
discourses he pronounced, that I think I never passed any
time more to my satisfaction. A sermon repeated after this
110 manner is like the composition of a poet in the mouth of a
graceful actor.

I could heartily wish that more of our country clergy
would follow this example; and, instead of wasting their
spirits in laborious compositions of their own, would endeavor
115 after² a handsome³ elocution, and all those other talents that
are proper to enforce what has been penned by greater mas-
ters. This would not only be more easy to themselves, but
more edifying to the people.

¹ Sermons were much published and read in Addison's day. The clergymen mentioned
were famous preachers of the end of the seventeenth century.

² try to gain.

³ elegant.

VII. THE COVERLEY HOUSEHOLD.

No. 107.]

Tuesday, July 3, 1711.

[Steele.

*Æsopo ingentem statuam posuere Attici,
 Servumque collocârunt æterna in basi,
 Patere honoris scirent ut cuncti viam.*

PHLEDRUS, *Epilog.* i. 2.

The Athenians erected a large statue to Æsop, and placed him, though a slave, on a lasting pedestal: to show that the way to honor lies open indifferently to all.

THE reception, manner of attendance, undisturbed freedom, and quiet, which I meet with here in the country, has confirmed me in the opinion I always had, that the general corruption of manners in servants is owing to the conduct of masters. The aspect of every one in the family¹ carries so 5 much satisfaction that it appears he knows the happy lot which has befallen him in being a member of it. There is one particular which I have seldom seen but at Sir Roger's; it is usual in all other places, that servants fly from the parts of the house through which their master is passing; on the 10 contrary, here they industriously place themselves in his way; and it is on both sides, as it were, understood as a visit, when the servants appear without calling. This proceeds from the humane and equal temper of the man of the house, who also perfectly well knows how to enjoy a great estate with such 15 economy as ever to be much beforehand. This makes his own mind untroubled, and consequently unapt to vent peevish expressions, or give passionate or inconsistent orders to those about him. Thus respect and love go together, and a certain cheerfulness in performance of their duty is the particular 20 distinction of the lower part of this family. When a servant is called before his master, he does not come with an expectation to hear himself rated for some trivial fault, threatened to be stripped, or used with any other unbecoming language,

¹ meaning the whole household.

25 which mean masters often give to worthy servants; but it is often to know what road he took that he came so readily back according to order; whether he passed by such a ground; if the old man who rents it is in good health; or whether he gave Sir Roger's love to him, or the like.

30 A man who preserves a respect founded on his benevolence to his dependents lives rather like a prince than a master in his family; his orders are received as favors, rather than duties; and the distinction of approaching him is part of the reward for executing what is commanded by him.

35 There is another circumstance in which my friend excels in his management, which is the manner of rewarding his servants: he has ever been of opinion that giving his cast¹ clothes to be worn by valets has a very ill effect upon little minds, and creates a silly sense of equality between the parties, in persons affected only with outward things. I have
40 heard him often pleasant² on this occasion, and describe a young gentleman abusing his man in that coat which a month or two before was the most pleasing distinction he was conscious of in himself. He would turn his discourse still more
45 pleasantly upon the ladies' bounties of this kind; and I have heard him say he knew a fine woman, who distributed rewards and punishments in giving becoming or unbecoming dresses to her maids.

But my good friend is above these little instances of good-
50 will, in bestowing only trifles on his servants; a good servant to him is sure of having it in his choice very soon of being no servant at all. As I before observed, he is so good an husband, and knows so thoroughly that the skill of the purse is the cardinal virtue of this life,—I say, he knows so well that
55 frugality is the support of generosity, that he can often spare a large fine when a tenement falls,³ and give that settlement

¹ cast off.

² in joking mood: Cf. 106, 37.

³ In legal language a tenement was anything held of another, most commonly a house (517, 46). The person holding it was a tenant. When a tenement changed hands it was

to a good servant who has a mind to go into the world, or make a stranger pay the fine to that servant, for his more comfortable maintenance, if he stays in his service.

A man of honor and generosity considers it would be miserable to himself to have no will but that of another, though it were of the best person breathing, and for that reason goes on as fast as he is able to put his servants into independent livelihooods. The greatest part of Sir Roger's estate is tenanted by persons who have served himself or his ancestors¹ It was to me extremely pleasant to observe the visitants from several parts to welcome his arrival into the country; and all the difference that I could take notice of between the late servants who came to see him, and those who stayed in the family, was that these latter were looked upon as finer gentlemen and better courtiers. 60 65 70

This manumission and placing them in a way of livelihood I look upon as only what is due to a good servant, which encouragement will make his successor be as diligent, as humble, and as ready as he was. There is something wonderful in the narrowness of those minds which can be pleased and be barren of bounty to those who please them. 75

One might, on this occasion, recount the sense that great persons in all ages have had of the merit of their dependents, and the heroic services which men have done their masters in the extremity of their fortunes; and shown to their undone patrons that fortune was all the difference between them; but as I design this my speculation only as a gentle admonition to thankless masters, I shall not go out of the occurrences of common life, but assert it as a general observation, that I never saw, but in Sir Roger's family, and one or two more, 80 85

said to fall, and the condition of knight's tenure then demanded the payment of a sum of money to the landlord. Sir Roger often remitted these payments, if the tenement went to a servant of his, or gave the fine to a servant if the tenement went to a stranger.

¹ Sir Roger was practically a feudal lord whose land was tenanted by people personally bound to him. It was natural, therefore, that service near his person should have been regarded as something of a privilege.

good servants treated as they ought to be. Sir Roger's kindness extends to their children's children, and this very morning he sent his coachman's grandson to prentice.¹ I shall
90 conclude this paper with an account of a picture in his gallery, where there are many which will deserve my future observation.

At the very upper end of this handsome structure I saw the portraiture of two young men standing in a river, the one
95 naked, the other in a livery. The person supported seemed half dead, but still so much alive as to show in his face exquisite joy and love towards the other. I thought the fainting figure resembled my friend Sir Roger; and looking at the butler, who stood by me, for an account of it, he informed me
100 that the person in the livery was a servant of Sir Roger's, who stood on the shore while his master was swimming, and observing him taken with some sudden illness, and sink under water, jumped in and saved him. He told me Sir Roger took off the dress² he was in as soon as he came home, and
105 by a great bounty at that time, followed by his favor ever since, had made him master of that pretty seat which we saw at a distance as we came to this house. I remembered indeed Sir Roger said there lived a very worthy gentleman, to whom he was highly obliged, without mentioning anything further.
110 Upon my looking a little dissatisfied at some part of the picture, my attendant informed me that it was against Sir Roger's will, and at the earnest request of the gentleman himself, that he was drawn in the habit in which he had saved his master.

¹ apprenticed them, probably paying the premium himself.

² i. e. his livery: the pronouns make the sentence confused.

VIII. WILL WIMBLE.

No. 108.]

Wednesday, July 4, 1711.

[Addison.

*Gratis anhelans, multa agendo nihil agens.*PHÆDRUS, *Fab.* v. 3.*Out of breath to no purpose, and very busy about nothing.*

As I was yesterday morning walking with Sir Roger before his house, a country fellow brought him a huge fish, which, he told him, Mr. William Wimble had caught that very morning; and that he presented it, with his service to him, and intended to come and dine with him. At the same 5 time he delivered a letter, which my friend read to me as soon as the messenger left him.

“SIR ROGER,—I desire you to accept of a jack, which is the best I have caught this season. I intend to come and stay with you a week, and see how the perch bite in the Black 10 River. I observed with some concern, the last time I saw you upon the bowling-green, that your whip wanted a lash to it; I will bring half a dozen with me that I twisted last week, which I hope will serve you all the time you are in the country. I have not been out of the saddle for six days last 15 past, having been at Eton with Sir John’s eldest son. He takes to his learning hugely.

“I am, sir, your humble servant,

“Will Wimble.”

This extraordinary letter, and message that accompanied 20 it, made me very curious to know the character and quality of the gentleman who sent them, which I found to be as follows. Will Wimble is younger brother to a baronet, and descended of the ancient family of the Wimbles. He is now between forty and fifty; but, being bred to no business and 25

born to no estate, he generally lives with his elder brother as superintendent of his game. He hunts a pack of dogs better than any man in the country, and is very famous for finding out a hare. He is extremely well versed in all the
30 little handicrafts of an idle man: he makes a may-fly to a miracle, and furnishes the whole country with angle-rods. As he is a good-natured officious¹ fellow, and very much esteemed upon account of his family, he is a welcome guest at every house, and keeps up a good correspondence among
35 all the gentlemen about him. He carries a tulip-root in his pocket from one to another, or exchanges a puppy between a couple of friends that live perhaps in the opposite sides of the county. Will is a particular favorite of all the young heirs, whom he frequently obliges with a net that he has
40 weaved, or a setting-dog that he has made² himself. He now and then presents a pair of garters of his own knitting to their mothers or sisters; and raises a great deal of mirth among them, by inquiring as often as he meets them how they wear. These gentlemen-like manufactures and obliging little
45 humors make Will the darling of the country.

Sir Roger was proceeding in the character of him, when we saw him make up to us with two or three hazel-twigs in his hand, that he had cut in Sir Roger's woods, as he came through them, in his way to the house. I was very much
50 pleased to observe on one side the hearty and sincere welcome with which Sir Roger received him, and, on the other, the secret joy which his guest discovered at sight of the good old Knight. After the first salutes were over, Will desired Sir Roger to lend him one of his servants to carry a set of shuttle-
55 cocks he had with him in a little box to a lady that lived about a mile off, to whom it seems he had promised such a present for above this half-year. Sir Roger's back was no sooner turned but honest Will began to tell me of a large cock-pheasant that he had sprung in one of the neighboring

¹ without the disagreeable sense of the present day.

² trained.

woods, with two or three other adventures of the same nature. 60
Odd and uncommon characters are the game that I look for
and most delight in; for which reason I was as much pleased
with the novelty of the person that talked to me, as he could
be for his life with the springing of a pheasant, and there-
fore listened to him with more than ordinary attention. 65

In the midst of his discourse the bell rung to dinner, where
the gentleman I have been speaking of had the pleasure of
seeing the huge jack he had caught served up for the first
dish in a most sumptuous manner. Upon our sitting down
to it he gave us a long account how he had hooked it, played 70
with it, foiled it, and at length drew it out upon the bank,
with several other particulars that lasted all the first course.
A dish of wild fowl that came afterwards furnished conversa-
tion for the rest of the dinner, which concluded with a late
invention of Will's for improving the quail-pipe. 75

Upon withdrawing into my room after dinner, I was se-
cretly touched with compassion towards the honest gentleman
that had dined with us, and could not but consider, with a
great deal of concern, how so good an heart and such busy
hands were wholly employed in trifles; that so much humanity 80
should be so little beneficial to others, and so much industry
so little advantageous to himself. The same temper of mind
and application to affairs might have recommended him to
the public esteem, and have raised his fortune in another
station of life. What good to his country or himself might 85
not a trader or merchant have done with such useful though
ordinary qualifications?

Will Wimble's is the case of many a younger brother of a
great family, who had rather see their children starve like
gentlemen than thrive in a trade or profession that is beneath 90
their quality. This humor fills several parts of Europe with
pride and beggary. It is the happiness of a trading nation,
like ours, that the younger sons, though incapable of any
liberal art or profession, may be placed in such a way of life

95 as may perhaps enable them to vie with the best of their family. Accordingly, we find several citizens that were launched into the world with narrow fortunes, rising by an honest industry to greater estates than those of their elder brothers. It is not improbable but Will was formerly tried
 100 at divinity, law, or physie; and that, finding his genius did not lie that way, his parents gave him up at length to his own inventions. But certainly, however improper he might have been for studies of a higher nature, he was perfectly well turned for the occupations of trade and commerce. As I
 105 think this is a point which cannot be too much inculcated, I shall desire my reader to compare what I have here written with what I have said in my twenty-first speculation.¹

IX. THE COVERLEY PORTRAITS.

No. 109.]

Thursday, July 5, 1711.

[Steele.

Abnormis sapiens.

HORACE, *Satires*, II. ii. 3.

Of plain good sense, untutor'd in the schools.

I WAS this morning walking in the gallery,² when Sir Roger entered at the end opposite to me, and, advancing towards me, said he was glad to meet me among his relations the De Coverleys, and hoped I liked the conversation³ of so
 5 much good company, who were as silent as myself. I knew he alluded to the pictures; and, as he is a gentleman who does not a little value himself upon his ancient descent, I expected he would give me some account of them. We were now arrived at the upper end of the gallery, when the Knight faced

¹ The character of Will Wimble is the most foreign to American ideas of all in the De Coverley Papers, on account of our idea that everybody will do something in the world to support himself and those dependent upon him. We are accustomed, in a measure, to those born to great fortunes being persons of leisure. But we do not readily appreciate the dignity of being entirely supported, even by an elder brother.

² the picture gallery.

³ social intercourse: 119, 16.

towards one of the pictures, and, as we stood before it, he 10 entered into the matter, after his blunt way of saying things as they occur to his imagination without regular introduction or care to preserve the appearance of chain of thought.

“It is,” said he, “worth while to consider the force of dress, and how the persons of one age differ from those of 15 another merely by that only. One may observe, also, that the general fashion of one age has been followed by one particular set of people in another, and by them preserved from one generation to another. Thus the vast jetting coat and small bonnet, which was the habit in Harry the Seventh’s time, is 20 kept on in the yeomen of the guard;¹ not without a good and politic view, because they look a foot taller, and a foot and an half broader: besides that the cap leaves the face expanded, and consequently more terrible, and fitter to stand at the entrance of palaces. 25

“This predecessor of ours, you see, is dressed after this manner, and his cheeks would be no larger than mine were he in a hat as I am. He was the last man that won a prize in the Tilt Yard² (which is now a common street before Whitehall). You see the broken lance that lies there by his 30 right foot: he shivered that lance of his adversary all to pieces; and, bearing himself, look you, sir, in this manner, at the same time he came within the target of the gentleman who rode against him, and taking him with incredible force before him on the pommel of his saddle, he in that manner 35 rid the tournament over, with an air that showed he did it rather to perform the rule of the lists than expose his enemy; however, it appeared he knew how to make use of a victory, and, with a gentle trot, he marched up to a gallery where their mistress sat (for they were rivals) and let him down 40

¹ commonly called Beef-eaters. The chief examples of the custom in this country are found in the uniforms of some of our regiments of the National Guard and in the dress-coats of gentlemen and waiters.

² Tilting was the running a course with lances. The old forms of warfare were going out of use in the beginning of the sixteenth century.

with laudable courtesy and pardonable insolence. I don't know but it might be exactly where the coffee-house is now.

“ You are to know this my ancestor was not only of a military genius, but fit also for the arts of peace, for he played
45 on the bass-viol as well as any gentlemen at court; you see where his viol hangs by his basket-hilt sword. The action at the Tilt Yard you may be sure won the fair lady, who was a maid of honor, and the greatest beauty of her time; here she stands, the next picture. You see, sir, my great-great-
50 great-grandmother has on the new-fashioned petticoat, except that the modern is gathered at the waist; my grandmother appears as if she stood in a large drum, whereas the ladies now walk as if they were in a go-cart. For all this lady was bred at court, she became an excellent country wife, she
55 brought ten children, and, when I show you the library, you shall see, in her own hand (allowing for the difference of the language),¹ the best receipt now in England both for an hasty-pudding and a white-pot.

“ If you please to fall back a little, because 'tis necessary to
60 look at the three next pictures at one view; these are three sisters. She on the right hand, who is so very beautiful, died a maid; the next to her, still handsomer, had the same fate, against her will; this homely thing in the middle had both their portions added to her own, and was stolen by a neigh-
65 boring gentleman, a man of stratagem and resolution, for he poisoned three mastiffs to come at her, and knocked down two deer-stealers in carrying her off. Misfortunes happen in all families; the theft of this romp and so much money was no great matter to our estate. But the next heir that pos-
70 sessed it was this soft gentleman, whom you see there; observe the small buttons, the little boots, the laces, the slashes about his clothes, and, above all, the posture he is drawn in (which to be sure was his own choosing); you see he sits with one hand on a desk, writing and looking as it were an-

¹ The language of Henry the Seventh's day would seem old-fashioned.

other way, like an easy writer, or a sonneteer. He was one of those that had too much wit to know how to live in the world; he was a man of no justice, but great good manners; he ruined everybody that had anything to do with him, but never said a rude thing in his life; the most indolent person in the world, he would sign a deed that passed away half his estate with his gloves on, but would not put on his hat before a lady if it were to save his country. He is said to be the first that made love by squeezing the hand. He left the estate with ten thousand pounds debt upon it; but, however, by all hands I have been informed that he was every way the finest gentleman in the world. That debt lay heavy on our house for one generation; but it was retrieved by a gift from that honest man you see there, a citizen of our name, but nothing at all akin to us. I know Sir Andrew Freeport has said behind my back that this man was descended from one of the ten children of the maid of honor I showed you above; but it was never made out. We winked at the thing, indeed, because money was wanting at that time.”

Here I saw my friend a little embarrassed, and turned my face to the next portraiture.

Sir Roger went on with this account of the gallery in the following manner. “This man” (pointing to him I looked at) “I take to be the honor of our house, Sir Humphrey de Coverley; he was in his dealings as punctual as a tradesman, and as generous as a gentleman. He would have thought himself as much undone by breaking his word, as if it were to be followed by bankruptcy. He served his country as knight of this shire¹ to his dying day. He found it no easy matter to maintain an integrity in his words and actions, even in things that regarded the offices which were incumbent upon him, in the care of his own affairs and relations of life, and therefore dreaded (though he had great talents) to go into employments of state, where he must be exposed to the snares

¹ a representative of the shire in Parliament.

of ambition. Innocence of life and great ability were the distinguishing parts of his character; the latter, he had often
 110 observed, had led to the destruction of the former, and used frequently to lament that great and good had not the same signification. He was an excellent husbandman,¹ but had resolved not to exceed such a degree of wealth; all above it
 115 he bestowed in secret bounties many years after the sum he aimed at for his own use was attained. Yet he did not slacken his industry, but to a decent old age spent the life and fortune which was superfluous to himself in the service of his friends and neighbors."

120 Here we were called to dinner, and Sir Roger ended the discourse of this gentleman by telling me, as we followed the servant, that this his ancestor was a brave man, and narrowly escaped being killed in the Civil War; "for," said he, "he was sent out of the field upon a private message the day
 125 before the battle of Worcester."

The whim of narrowly escaping by having been within a day of danger, with other matters above mentioned, mixed with good sense, left me at a loss whether I was more delighted with my friend's wisdom or simplicity.

X. THE COVERLEY GHOST.

No. 110.]

Friday, July 6, 1711.

[Addison.

Horror ubique animos, simul ipsa silentia terrent.

VIRGIL, *Æneid*, ii. 755.

All things are full of horror and affright,

And dreadful ev'n the silence of the night.—DRYDEN.

AT a little distance from Sir Roger's house, among the ruins of an old abbey, there is a long walk of aged elms, which are shot up so very high, that, when one passes under them, the rooks and crows that rest upon the tops of them seem to

¹ one who manages an estate: Cf. 107, 53.

be cawing in another region. I am very much delighted with 5
this sort of noise, which I consider as a kind of natural prayer
to that Being who supplies the wants of his whole creation,
and who, in the beautiful language of the Psalms,¹ feedeth
the young ravens that call upon Him. I like this retirement
the better, because of an ill report it lies under of being 10
haunted; for which reason (as I have been told in the family)
no living creature ever walks in it besides the chaplain. My
good friend the butler desired me, with a very grave face,
not to venture myself in it after sunset, for that one of the
footmen had been almost frightened out of his wits by a spirit 15
that appeared to him in the shape of a black horse without
an head; to which he added, that about a month ago one
of the maids coming home late that way with a pail of milk
upon her head, heard such a rustling among the bushes that
she let it fall. 20

I was taking a walk in this place last night between the
hours of nine and ten, and could not but fancy it one of the
most proper scenes in the world for a ghost to appear in.
The ruins of the abbey are scattered up and down on every
side, and half covered with ivy and elder bushes, the harbors 25
of several solitary birds, which seldom make their appearance
till the dusk of the evening. The place was formerly a
churchyard, and has still several marks in it of graves and
burying-places. There is such an echo among the old ruins
and vaults, that if you stamp but a little louder than ordinary 30
you hear the sound repeated. At the same time the walk
of elms, with the croaking of the ravens, which from time
to time are heard from the tops of them, looks exceeding
solemn and venerable. These objects naturally raise serious-
ness and attention; and when night heightens the awfulness 35
of the place, and pours out her supernumerary horrors upon
everything in it, I do not at all wonder that weak minds fill
it with spectres and apparitions.

¹ Psalm 147. 9.

Mr. Locke, in his chapter of the Association of Ideas,¹ has
40 very curious remarks to show how, by the prejudice of education, one idea often introduces into the mind a whole set that bear no resemblance to one another in the nature of things. Among several examples of this kind, he produces the following instance:—"The ideas of goblins and sprites
45 have really no more to do with darkness than light; yet, let but a foolish maid inculcate these ² often on the mind of a child, and raise them there together, possibly he shall never be able to separate them again so long as he lives, but darkness shall ever afterwards bring with it those frightful ideas,
50 and they shall be so joined that he can no more bear the one than the other."

As I was walking in this solitude, where the dusk of the evening conspired with so many other occasions of terror, I observed a cow grazing not far from me, which an imagination that is apt to startle ³ might easily have construed into
55 a black horse without an head: and I dare say the poor footman lost his wits upon some such trivial occasion.

My friend Sir Roger has often told me with a great deal of mirth, that at his first coming to his estate, he found
60 three parts of his house altogether useless; that the best room in it had the reputation of being haunted, and by that means was locked up; that noises had been heard in his long gallery, so that he could not get a servant to enter it after eight o'clock at night; that the door of one of his chambers was
65 nailed up, because there went a story in the family that a butler had formerly hanged himself in it; and that his mother, who lived to a great age, had shut up half the rooms in the house, in which either her husband, a son, or daughter had died. The Knight, seeing his habitation reduced to so
70 small a compass, and himself in a manner shut out of his

¹ Chapter 33 of Book II of the *Essay Concerning the Human Understanding*, which was published about twenty years before this time.

² these ideas.

³ used transitively.

own house, upon the death of his mother ordered all the apartments to be flung open and exorcised by his chaplain, who lay in every room one after another, and by that means dissipated the fears which had so long reigned in the family.

I should not have been thus particular upon these ridiculous horrors, did I not find them so very much prevail in all parts of the country. At the same time, I think a person who is thus terrified with the imagination of ghosts and spectres much more reasonable than one, who, contrary to the reports of all historians, sacred and profane, ancient and modern, and to the traditions of all nations, thinks the appearance of spirits fabulous and groundless. Could not I give myself up to this general testimony of mankind, I should to the relations of particular persons who are now living, and whom I cannot distrust in other matters of fact. I might here add, that not only the historians, to whom we may join the poets, but likewise the philosophers of antiquity have favored this opinion. Lucretius¹ himself, though by the course of his philosophy he was obliged to maintain that the soul did not exist separate from the body, makes no doubt of the reality of apparitions, and that men have often appeared after their death. This I think very remarkable; he was so pressed with the matter of fact, which he could not have the confidence to deny, that he was forced to account for it by one of the most absurd unphilosophical notions that was ever started. He tells us that the surfaces of all bodies are perpetually flying off from their respective bodies, one after another; and that these surfaces or thin cases that included each other whilst they were joined in the body, like the coats of an onion, are sometimes seen entire when they are separated from it; by which means we often behold the shapes and shadows of persons who are either dead or absent.

I shall dismiss this paper with a story out of Josephus,²

¹ a Roman poet who lacked many beliefs common in antiquity. The passage is from the "De Natura Rerum," IV, 33-50.

² Josephus wrote a History of the Jews.

not so much for the sake of the story itself as for the moral
105 reflections with which the author concludes it, and which I
shall here set down in his own words. “ Glaphyra, the daugh-
ter of king Archelaus, after the death of her two first hus-
bands (being married to a third, who was brother to her first
husband, and so passionately in love with her, that he turned
110 off his former wife to make room for this marriage), had
a very odd kind of dream. She fancied that she saw her
first husband coming towards her, and that she embraced
him with great tenderness; when in the midst of the pleasure
which she expressed at the sight of him, he reproached her
115 after the following manner: ‘ Glaphyra,’ says he, ‘ thou hast
made good the old saying, that women are not to be trusted.
Was not I the husband of thy virginity? Have I not chil-
dren by thee? How couldst thou forget our loves so far as
to enter into a second marriage, and after that into a third,
120 nay to take for thy husband a man who has so shamelessly
crept into the bed of his brother? However, for the sake of
our past loves, I shall free thee from thy present reproach,
and make thee mine forever.’ Glaphyra told this dream to
several women of her acquaintance, and died soon after. I
125 thought this story might not be impertinent in this place,
wherein I speak of those kings. Besides that, the example
deserves to be taken notice of, as it contains a most certain
proof of the immortality of the soul, and of Divine Provi-
dence. If any man thinks these facts incredible, let him
130 enjoy his own opinion to himself, but let him not endeavor
to disturb the belief of others, who by instances of this nature
are excited to the study of virtue.”

XI. A COUNTRY SUNDAY.

No. 112.]

Monday, July 9, 1711.

[Addison.

Ἄθανάτους μὲν πρῶτα θεοὺς νόμῳ ὡς διάκειται,
Τιμᾷ—

PYTHAGORAS, *Carmina Aurea*, 1-2.

*First, in obedience to thy country's rites,
Worship th' immortal gods.*

I AM always very well pleased with a country Sunday, and think, if keeping holy the seventh day were only a human institution, it would be the best method that could have been thought of for the polishing and civilizing of mankind. It is certain the country people would soon degenerate into a 5 kind of savages and barbarians, were there not such frequent returns of a stated time, in which the whole village meet together with their best faces, and in their cleanliest habits, to converse with one another upon indifferent subjects, hear their duties explained to them, and join together in adoration 10 of the Supreme Being. Sunday clears away the rust of the whole week, not only as it refreshes in their minds the notions of religion, but as it puts both the sexes upon appearing in their most agreeable forms, and exerting all such qualities as are apt to give them a figure in the eye of the village. A 15 country fellow distinguishes himself as much in the churchyard, as a citizen does upon the 'Change, the whole parish politics being generally discussed in that place, either after sermon or before the bell rings.

My friend Sir Roger, being a good churchman, has beauti- 20 fied the inside of his church with several texts of his own choosing; he has likewise given a handsome pulpit cloth, and railed in the communion table at his own expense. He has often told me that, at his coming to his estate, he found his parishioners very irregular; and that in order to make them 25 kneel and join in the responses, he gave every one of them

a hassock and a Common Prayer Book: and at the same time employed an itinerant singing master, who goes about the country for that purpose, to instruct them rightly in the tunes
30 of the Psalms; upon which they now very much value themselves, and indeed outdo most of the country churches that I have ever heard.

As Sir Roger is landlord to the whole congregation,¹ he keeps them in very good order, and will suffer nobody to
35 sleep in it besides himself; for if by chance he has been surprised into a short nap at sermon, upon recovering out of it he stands up and looks about him, and, if he sees anybody else nodding, either wakes them himself, or sends his servant to them. Several other of the old Knight's particu-
40 larities break out upon these occasions; sometimes he will be lengthening out a verse in the singing Psalms half a minute after the rest of the congregation have done with it; sometimes, when he is pleased with the matter of his devotion, he pronounces Amen three or four times to the same prayer; and
45 sometimes stands up when everybody else is upon their knees, to count the congregation, or see if any of his tenants are missing.

I was yesterday very much surprised to hear my old friend, in the midst of the service, calling out to one John Matthews
50 to mind what he was about, and not disturb the congregation. This John Matthews it seems is remarkable for being an idle fellow, and at that time was kicking his heels for his diversion. This authority of the Knight, though exerted in that odd manner which accompanies him in all circumstances
55 of life, has a very good effect upon the parish, who are not polite² enough to see anything ridiculous in his behavior; besides that the general good sense and worthiness of his character makes his friends observe these little singularities as foils that rather set off than blemish his good qualities.

¹ He owned all the country round, and all the farms were leased of him.

² used to good society.

As soon as the sermon is finished, nobody presumes to stir 60
till Sir Roger is gone out of the church. The Knight walks
down from his seat in the chancel¹ between a double row of
his tenants, that stand bowing to him on each side, and
every now and then inquires how such an one's wife, or
mother, or son, or father do, whom he does not see at church, 65
—which is understood as a secret reprimand to the person
that is absent.

The chaplain has often told me, that upon a catechising
day, when Sir Roger has been pleased with a boy that answers
well, he has ordered a Bible to be given him next day for his 70
encouragement, and sometimes accompanies it with a fitch
of bacon to his mother. Sir Roger has likewise added five
pounds a year to the clerk's place;² and that he may en-
courage the young fellows to make themselves perfect in the
church service, has promised, upon the death of the present 75
incumbent, who is very old, to bestow it according to merit.

The fair understanding between Sir Roger and his chap-
lain, and their mutual concurrence in doing good, is the
more remarkable, because the very next village is famous for
the differences and contentions that rise between the parson 80
and the squire, who live in a perpetual state of war. The
parson is always preaching at the squire, and the squire, to
be revenged on the parson, never comes to church. The
squire has made all his tenants atheists and tithe-stealers;³
while the parson instructs them every Sunday in the dignity 85
of his order, and insinuates to them in almost every sermon
that he is a better man than his patron.⁴ In short, matters
are come to such an extremity, that the squire has not said
his prayers either in public or private this half-year; and

¹ The chancel is the central part of a church that is built in the shape of a cross.

² The clerk is a lay official who leads the congregation in reading the responses.

³ The parish churches in England were formerly supported by tithes, or one-tenth of the profits on land or cattle, levied on the inhabitants of the parish.

⁴ The "patron" was the person who had the right to appoint the clergyman: often it was the lord of the manor.

90 that the parson threatens him, if he does not mend his manners, to pray for him in the face of the whole congregation.

Feuds of this nature, though too frequent in the country, are very fatal to the ordinary people; who are so used to be dazzled with riches, that they pay as much deference to the
 95 understanding of a man of an estate as of a man of learning; and are very hardly brought to regard any truth, how important soever it may be, that is preached to them, when they know there are several men of five hundred a year who do not believe it.

XII. SIR ROGER IN LOVE.

No. 113.]

Tuesday, July 10, 1711.

[Steele.

—*Hærent infiri pectore vultus.*

VIRGIL, *Æneid*, iv. 4.

Her looks were deep imprinted in his heart.

IN my first description of the company in which I pass most of my time it may be remembered that I mentioned a great affliction which my friend Sir Roger had met with in his youth: which was no less than a disappointment in love.
 5 It happened this evening that we fell into a very pleasing walk at a distance from his house: as soon as we came into it, "It is," quoth the good old man, looking round him with a smile, "very hard, that any part of my land should be settled upon one who has used me so ill as the perverse
 10 Widow did; and yet I am sure I could not see a sprig of any bough of this whole walk of trees, but I should reflect upon her and her severity. She has certainly the finest hand of any woman in the world. You are to know this was the place wherein I used to muse upon her; and by that custom
 15 I can never come into it, but the same tender sentiments revive in my mind as if I had actually walked with that beautiful creature under these shades. I have been fool

enough to carve her name on the bark of several of these trees; so unhappy is the condition of men in love to attempt the removing of their passion by the methods which serve 20 only to imprint it deeper. She has certainly the finest hand of any woman in the world."

Here followed a profound silence; and I was not displeased to observe my friend falling so naturally into a discourse which I had ever before taken notice he industriously avoided. 25 After a very long pause he entered upon an account of this great circumstance in his life, with an air which I thought raised my idea of him above what I had ever had before; and gave me the picture of that cheerful mind of his, before it received that stroke which has ever since affected his words 30 and actions. But he went on as follows:—

"I came to my estate in my twenty-second year, and resolved to follow the steps of the most worthy of my ancestors who have inhabited this spot of earth before me, in all the methods of hospitality and good neighborhood, for the sake 35 of my fame,¹ and in country sports and recreations, for the sake of my health. In my twenty-third year I was obliged to serve as sheriff of the county; and in my servants, officers, and whole equipage, indulged the pleasure of a young man (who did not think ill of his own person) in taking that 40 public occasion of showing my figure and behavior to advantage. You may easily imagine to yourself what appearance I made, who am pretty tall, rid² well, and was very well dressed, at the head of a whole county, with music before me, a feather in my hat, and my horse well bitted. I can assure 45 you I was not a little pleased with the kind looks and glances I had from all the balconies and windows as I rode to the hall where the assizes³ were held. But when I came there, a beautiful creature in a widow's habit⁴ sat in court, to hear

¹ reputation.

² rode, an incorrect form, made on the analogy of *ridden*.

³ See No. 122.

⁴ costume.

the event¹ of a cause concerning her dower.² This commanding creature (who was born for destruction of all who behold her) put on such a resignation in her countenance, and bore the whispers of all around the court, with such a pretty uneasiness, I warrant you, and then recovered herself
55 from one eye to another, till she was perfectly confused by meeting something so wistful in all she encountered, that at last, with a murrain³ to her, she cast her bewitching eye upon me. I no sooner met it but I bowed like a great surprised booby; and knowing her cause to be the first which came on,
60 I cried, like a captivated calf as I was, ‘Make way for the defendant’s witnesses.’ This sudden partiality made all the county immediately see the sheriff also was become a slave to the fine Widow. During the time her cause was upon trial, she behaved herself, I warrant you, with such a deep attention
65 to her business, took opportunities to have little billets handed to her counsel, then would be in such a pretty confusion, occasioned, you must know, by acting before so much company, that not only I but the whole court was prejudiced in her favor; and all that the next heir to her husband had to urge
70 was thought so groundless and frivolous,⁴ that when it came to her counsel to reply, there was not half so much said as every one besides in the court thought he could have urged to her advantage. You must understand, sir, this perverse woman is one of those unaccountable creatures, that secretly
75 rejoice in the admiration of men, but indulge themselves in no further consequences. Hence it is that she has ever had a train of admirers, and she removes from her slaves in town to those in the country, according to the seasons of the year. She is a reading lady, and far gone in the pleasures of friend-
80 ship; she is always accompanied by a confidante, who is witness to her daily protestations against our sex, and conse-

¹ outcome.

² the life-right of a widow in a part of the real property of her former husband.

³ a plague.

⁴ He probably claimed something that lessened her rights.

quently a bar to her first steps towards love, upon the strength of her own maxims and declarations.

“However, I must needs say this accomplished mistress of mine has distinguished me above the rest, and has been known 85 to declare Sir Roger de Coverley was the tamest and most human of all the brutes in the country. I was told she said so by one who thought he rallied me; but upon the strength of this slender encouragement of being thought least detestable, I made new liveries, new paired my coach-horses, sent 90 them all to town to be bitted, and taught to throw their legs well, and move all together, before I pretended to cross the country and wait upon her. As soon as I thought my retinue suitable to the character of my fortune and youth, I set out from hence to make my addresses. This particular skill of 95 this lady has ever been to inflame your wishes, and yet command respect. To make her mistress of this art, she has a greater share of knowledge, wit, and good sense than is usual even among men of merit. Then she is beautiful beyond the race of women. If you won't let her go on with a certain 100 artifice with her eyes, and the skill of beauty, she will arm herself with her real charms, and strike you with admiration. It is certain that if you were to behold the whole woman, there is that dignity in her aspect, that composure in her motion, that complacency in her manner, that if her form 105 makes you hope, her merit makes you fear. But then again, she is such a desperate scholar, that no country gentleman can approach her without being a jest. As I was going to tell you, when I came to her house I was admitted to her presence with great civility; at the same time she placed her- 110 self to be first seen by me in such an attitude, as I think you call the posture of a picture, that she discovered new charms, and I at last came towards her with such an awe as made me speechless. This she no sooner observed but she made her advantage of it, and began a discourse to me concerning love 115 and honor, as they both are followed by pretenders, and the

real votaries to them. When she had discussed these points in a discourse, which I verily believe was as learned as the best philosopher in Europe could possibly make, she asked
120 me whether she was so happy as to fall in with my sentiments on these important particulars. Her confidante sat by her, and upon my being in the last confusion and silence, this malicious aid of hers turning to her says, ‘I am very glad to observe Sir Roger pauses upon this subject, and seems
125 resolved to deliver all his sentiments upon the matter when he pleases to speak.’ They both kept their countenances, and after I had sat half an hour meditating how to behave before such profound casuists. I rose up and took my leave. Chance has since that time thrown me very often in her way, and
130 she as often has directed a discourse to me which I do not understand. This barbarity has kept me ever at a distance from the most beautiful object my eyes ever beheld. It is thus also she deals with all mankind, and you must make love to her, as you would conquer the sphinx,¹ by posing her.
135 But were she like other women, and that there were any talking to her, how constant must the pleasure of that man be, who could converse with a creature— But, after all, you may be sure her heart is fixed on some one or other; and yet I have been credibly informed—but who can believe half that
140 is said? After she had done speaking to me, she put her hand to her bosom and adjusted her tucker. Then she cast her eyes a little down, upon my beholding her too earnestly. They say she sings excellently: her voice in her ordinary speech has something in it inexpressibly sweet. You must
145 know I dined with her at a public table the day after I first saw her, and she helped me to some tansy in the eye of all the gentlemen in the country: she has certainly the finest hand of any woman in the world. I can assure you, sir, were you to behold her, you would be in the same condition;
150 for as her speech is music, her form is angelic. But I find

¹ by asking a question she cannot answer.

I grow irregular while I am talking of her; but indeed it would be stupidity to be unconcerned at such perfection. Oh the excellent creature! she is as inimitable to all women as she is inaccessible to all men."

I found my friend begin to rave, and insensibly led him 155 towards the house, that we might be joined by some other company; and am convinced that the Widow is the secret cause of all that inconsistency which appears in some parts of my friend's discourse; though he has so much command of himself as not directly to mention her, yet according to 160 that [passage] of Martial, which one knows not how to render in English, *Dum tacet hanc loquitur*. I shall end this paper with that whole epigram, which represents with much humor my honest friend's condition.

Quicquid agit Rufus nihil est nisi Nævia Rufo,	165
Si gaudet, si flet, si tacet, hanc loquitur:	
Cœnat, propinat, poscit, negat, annuit, una est	
Nævia; si non sit Nævia mutus erit.	
Scriberet hesternâ patri cum luce salutem,	
Nævia lux, inquit, Nævia lumen, ave.	170

Let Rufus weep, rejoice, stand, sit, or walk,	
Still he can nothing but of Nævia talk ;	
Let him eat, drink, ask questions, or dispute,	
Still he must speak of Nævia, or be mute ;	
He writ to his father, ending with this line,	175
"I am, my lovely Nævia, ever thine."	

XIII. ECONOMY IN AFFAIRS.

No. 114.]

Wednesday, July 11, 1711.

[Steele.

—*Paupertatis pudor et fuga*—HORACE, *Epistles*, I. xviii. 24.

*The dread of nothing more
Than to be thought necessitous and poor.*—POOLY.

ECONOMY in our affairs has the same effect upon our fortunes which good breeding has upon our conversations. There is a pretending behavior in both cases, which, instead of making men esteemed, renders them both miserable and contemptible. We had yesterday at Sir Roger's a set of country gentlemen who dined with him; and after dinner the glass was taken, by those who pleased, pretty plentifully. Among others, I observed a person of a tolerable good aspect, who seemed to be more greedy of liquor than any of the company, and yet, methought, he did not taste it with delight. As he grew warm, he was suspicious of everything that was said; and as he advanced towards being fuddled, his humor grew worse. At the same time his bitterness seemed to be rather an inward dissatisfaction in his own mind than any dislike he had taken at the company. Upon hearing his name, I knew him to be a gentleman of a considerable fortune in this county, but greatly in debt. What gives the unhappy man this peevishness of spirit, is, that his estate is dipped,¹ and is eating out with usury; and yet he has not the heart to sell any part of it. His proud stomach, at the cost of restless nights, constant inquietudes, danger of affronts, and a thousand nameless inconveniences, preserves this canker in his fortune, rather than it shall be said he is a man of fewer hundreds a year than he has been commonly reputed. Thus he endures the torment of poverty, to avoid the name of being less rich. If you go to his house you see great plenty,

¹ financially embarrassed.

but served in a manner that shows it is all unnatural, and that the master's mind is not at home. There is a certain waste and carelessness in the air of everything, and the whole appears but a covered indigence, a magnificent poverty. That 30 neatness and cheerfulness which attends the table of him who lives within compass is wanting, and exchanged for a libertine¹ way of service in all about him.

This gentleman's conduct, though a very common way of management, is as ridiculous as that officer's would be, who 35 had but few men under his command, and should take the charge of an extent of country rather than of a small pass. To pay for, personate, and keep in a man's hands a greater estate than he really has, is of all others the most unpardonable vanity, and must in the end reduce the man who is guilty 40 of it to dishonor. Yet if we look round us in any county of Great Britain, we shall see many in this fatal error; if that may be called by so soft a name which proceeds from a false shame of appearing what they really are, when the contrary behavior would in a short time advance them to the condition 45 which they pretend to.

Laertes has fifteen hundred pounds a year, which is mortgaged for six thousand pounds; but it is impossible to convince him that if he sold as much as would pay off that debt he would save four shillings in the pound, which he gives 50 for the vanity of being the reputed master of it. Yet if Laertes did this, he would perhaps be easier in his own fortune; but then Irus, a fellow of yesterday, who has but twelve hundred a year, would be his equal. Rather than this shall be, Laertes goes on to bring well-born beggars into the world, 55 and every twelvemonth charges his estate with at least one year's rent more by the birth of a child.

Laertes and Irus are neighbors, whose way of living are an abomination to each other. Irus is moved by the fear of poverty, and Laertes by the shame of it. Though the motive 60

¹ free and reckless.

of action is of so near affinity in both, and may be resolved into this, that to each of them poverty is the greatest of all evils, yet are their manners very widely different. Shame of poverty makes Laertes launch into unnecessary equipage, 65 vain expense, and lavish entertainments; fear of poverty makes Irus allow himself only plain necessities, appear without a servant, sell his own corn, attend his laborers, and be himself a laborer. Shame of poverty makes Laertes go every day a step nearer to it, and fear of poverty stirs up 70 Irus to make every day some further progress from it.

These different motives produce the excesses which men are guilty of in the negligence of an provision for themselves. Usury, stock-jobbing, extortion, and oppression have their seed in the dread of want; and vanity, riot, and prodigality, 75 from the shame of it: but both these excesses are infinitely below the pursuit of a reasonable creature. After we have taken care to command so much as is necessary for maintaining ourselves in the order of men suitable to our character, the care of superfluities is a vice no less extravagant 80 than the neglect of necessities would have been before.

Certain it is, that they are both out of nature, when she is followed with reason and good sense. It is from this reflection that I always read Mr. Cowley¹ with the greatest pleasure. His magnanimity² is as much above that of other 85 considerable men as his understanding; and it is a true distinguishing spirit in the elegant author who published his works, to dwell so much upon the temper of his mind and the moderation of his desires. By this means he has rendered his friend as amiable as famous. That state of life which 90 bears the face of poverty with Mr. Cowley's "great vulgar"³

¹ Abraham Cowley (1618-1687) was a poet who, in Queen Anne's time, was still very highly valued.

² greatness of mind.

³ "The great vulgar and the small" is Cowley's expression: he means those, whether great or small, who are made unnatural by love of money and the vanities of life. The meaning is "that state of life which seems like poverty to people who measure everything by money, is admirably described."

is admirably described; and it is no small satisfaction to those of the same turn of desire, that he produces the authority of the wisest men of the best age of the world to strengthen his opinion of the ordinary pursuits of mankind.

It would, methinks, be no ill maxim of life, if according 95
to that ancestor of Sir Roger whom I lately mentioned, every man would point to himself what sum he would resolve not to exceed. He might by this means cheat himself into a tranquillity on this side of that expectation, or convert what he should get above it to nobler uses than his own pleasures 100 or necessities. This temper of mind would exempt a man from an ignorant envy of restless men above him, and a more inexcusable contempt of happy men below him. This would be sailing by some compass, living with some design; but to be eternally bewildered in prospects of future gain, and 105 putting on unnecessary armor against improbable blows of fortune, is a mechanic being¹ which has not good sense for its direction, but is carried on by a sort of acquired instinct towards things below our consideration, and unworthy our esteem. 110

It is possible that the tranquillity I now enjoy at Sir Roger's may have created in me this way of thinking, which is so abstracted from the common relish of the world: but as I am now in a pleasing arbor, surrounded with a beautiful landscape, I find no inclination so strong as to continue in these 115 mansions, so remote from the ostentatious scenes of life; and am at this present writing philosopher enough to conclude with Mr. Cowley,—

“If e'er ambition did my fancy cheat,
With any wish so mean as to be great,
Continue, Heav'n, still from me to remove
The humble blessings of that life I love.”

120

¹ a sort of automaton.

XIV. BODILY EXERCISE.

No. 115.]

Thursday, July 12, 1711.

[Addison.

—*Ut sit mens sana in corpore sano.*JUVENAL, *Satire* x. 356.*A healthy body and a mind at ease.*

BODILY labor is of two kinds, either that which a man submits to for his livelihood, or that which he undergoes for his pleasure. The latter of them generally changes the name of labor for that of exercise, but differs only from ordinary
5 labor as it rises from another motive.

A country life abounds in both these kinds of labor, and for that reason gives a man a greater stock of health, and consequently a more perfect enjoyment of himself, than any other way of life. I consider the body as a system of tubes
10 and glands, or, to use a more rustic phrase, a bundle of pipes and strainers, fitted to one another after so wonderful a manner as to make a proper engine¹ for the soul to work with. This description does not only comprehend the bowels, bones, tendons, veins, nerves, and arteries, but every muscle and
15 every ligature, which is a composition of fibres, that are so many imperceptible tubes or pipes interwoven on all sides with invisible glands or strainers.

This general idea of a human body, without considering it in its niceties of anatomy, lets us see how absolutely neces-
20 sary labor is for the right preservation of it. There must be frequent motions and agitations, to mix, digest, and separate the juices contained in it, as well as to clear and cleanse that infinitude of pipes and strainers, of which it is composed, and to give their solid parts a more firm and lasting
25 tone. Labor or exercise ferments the humors,² casts them

¹ Before the steam engine was developed the word *engine* was used for any mechanical contrivance. Pope calls a pair of scissors an engine in "The Rape of the Lock," III, 149.

² the various forms of physical moisture.

into their proper channels, throws off redundancies, and helps nature in those secret distributions, without which the body cannot subsist in its vigor, nor the soul act with cheerfulness.

I might here mention the effects which this has upon all the faculties of the mind, by keeping the understanding clear, 30 the imagination untroubled, and refining those spirits that are necessary for the proper exertion of our intellectual faculties, during the present laws of union between soul and body. It is to a neglect in this particular that we must ascribe the spleen ¹ which is so frequent in men of studious and seden- 35 tary tempers, as well as the vapors ¹ to which those of the other sex are so often subject.

Had not exercise been absolutely necessary for our well-being, nature would not have made the body so proper ² for it, by giving such an activity to the limbs, and such a pliancy 40 to every part as necessarily produce those compressions, extensions, contortions, dilatations, and all other kinds of motions that are necessary for the preservation of such a system of tubes and glands as has been before mentioned. And that we might not want inducements to engage us in such 45 an exercise of the body as is proper for its welfare, it is so ordered that nothing valuable can be procured without it. Not to mention riches and honor, even food and raiment are not to be come at without the toil of the hands and sweat of the brows. Providence furnishes materials but expects 50 that we should work them up ourselves. The earth must be labored before it gives its increase, and when it is forced into its several products, how many hands must they pass through before they are fit for use! Manufactures, trade, and agriculture naturally employ more than nineteen parts 55 of the species in twenty; and as for those who are not obliged to labor, by the condition in which they are born, they are more miserable than the rest of mankind unless they indulge

¹ The spleen and the vapors were two forms of despondency or ill-humor.

² well-adapted.

themselves in that voluntary labor which goes by the name
60 of exercise.

My friend Sir Roger has been an indefatigable man in business of this kind, and has hung several parts of his house with the trophies of his former labors. The walls of his great hall are covered with the horns of several kinds of deer that
65 he has killed in the chase, which he thinks the most valuable furniture of his house, as they afford him frequent topics of discourse, and show that he has not been idle. At the lower end of the hall is a large otter's skin stuffed with hay, which his mother ordered to be hung up in that manner, and the
70 Knight looks upon with great satisfaction, because it seems he was but nine years old when his dog killed him. A little room adjoining to the hall is a kind of arsenal filled with guns of several sizes and inventions, with which the Knight has made great havoc in the woods, and destroyed many
75 thousands of pheasants, partridges, and woodcocks. His stable doors are patched with noses that belonged to foxes of the Knight's own hunting down. Sir Roger showed me one of them that for distinction sake has a brass nail struck through it, which cost him about fifteen hours' riding, carried
80 him through half a dozen counties, killed him a brace of geldings, and lost above half his dogs. This the Knight looks upon as one of the greatest exploits of his life. The perverse Widow, whom I have given some account of, was the death of several foxes; for Sir Roger has told me that in
85 the course of his amours he patched the western door of his stable. Whenever the Widow was cruel, the foxes were sure to pay for it. In proportion as his passion for the Widow abated and old age came on, he left off foxhunting; but a hare is not yet safe that sits within ten miles of his house.
90 There is no kind of exercise which I would so recommend to my readers of both sexes as this of riding, as there is none which so much conduces to health, and is every way accommodated to the body, according to the idea which I have

given of it. Doctor Sydenham¹ is very lavish in its praises; and if the English reader will see the mechanical effects of it described at length, he may find them in a book published not many years since under the title of *Medicina Gymnastica*. For my own part, when I am in town, for want of these opportunities, I exercise myself an hour every morning upon a dumb-bell² that is placed in a corner of my room, and pleases me the more because it does everything I require of it in the most profound silence. My landlady and her daughters are so well acquainted with my hours of exercise, that they never come into my room to disturb me whilst I am ringing.

105

When I was some years younger than I am at present, I used to employ myself in a more laborious diversion, which I learned from a Latin treatise of exercises that is written with great erudition; it is there called the *σκιομαχία*, or the fighting with a man's own shadow, and consists in the brandishing of two short sticks grasped in each hand, and loaded with plugs of lead at either end. This opens the chest, exercises the limbs, and gives a man all the pleasure of boxing, without the blows. I could wish that several learned men would lay out that time which they employ in controversies and disputes about nothing, in this method of fighting with their own shadows. It might conduce very much to evaporate the spleen, which makes them uneasy to the public as well as to themselves.

115

To conclude, as I am a compound of soul and body, I consider myself as obliged to a double scheme of duties; and I think I have not fulfilled the business of the day when I do not thus employ the one in labor and exercise, as well as the other in study and contemplation.

120

¹ Thomas Sydenham (1624-1689), a very famous English physician.

² The Spectator's exercise is somewhat mysterious. It would seem as though the exercise described later were with the dumb-bells.

XV. THE COVERLEY HUNT.

No. 116.]

Friday, July 13, 1711.

[Budgell.

— *Vocat ingenti clamore Cithaeron,
Taygetique canes—*

VIRGIL, *Georgics*, iii. 43.

The echoing hills and chiding hounds invite.

THOSE who have searched into human nature observe that nothing so much shows the nobleness of the soul, as that its felicity consists in action. Every man has such an active principle in him, that he will find out something to employ
5 himself upon, in whatever place or state of life he is posted. I have heard of a gentleman who was under close confinement in the Bastile seven years; during which time he amused himself in scattering a few small pins about his chamber, gathering them up again, and placing them in dif-
10 ferent figures on the arm of a great chair. He often told his friends afterwards, that unless he had found out this piece of exercise, he verily believed he should have lost his senses.

After what has been said, I need not inform my readers,
15 that Sir Roger, with whose character I hope they are at present pretty well acquainted, has in his youth gone through the whole course of those rural diversions which the country abounds in; and which seem to be extremely well suited to that laborious industry a man may observe here in a far
20 greater degree than in towns and cities. I have before hinted at some of my friend's exploits: he has in his youthful days taken forty coveys of partridges in a season; and tired many a salmon with a line consisting but of a single hair. The constant thanks and good wishes of the neighborhood always
25 attended him on account of his remarkable enmity towards foxes; having destroyed more of those vermin in one year than it was thought the whole country could have produced.

Indeed, the Knight does not scruple to own among his most intimate friends, that in order to establish his reputation this way, he has secretly sent for great numbers of them out 30 of other counties, which he used to turn loose about the country by night, that he might the better signalize himself in their destruction the next day. His hunting horses were the finest and best managed in all these parts: his tenants are still full of the praises of a gray stone horse that un- 35 happily staked himself several years since, and was buried with great solemnity in the orchard.

Sir Roger, being at present too old for foxhunting, to keep himself in action, has disposed of his beagles and got a pack of stop-hounds. What these want in speed he endeavors to 40 make amends for by the deepness of their mouths and the variety of their notes, which are suited in such manner to each other that the whole cry makes up a complete concert. He is so nice¹ in this particular, that a gentleman having made him a present of a very fine hound the other day, the Knight 45 returned it by the servant with a great many expressions of civility; but desired him to tell his master that the dog he had sent was indeed a most excellent bass, but that at present he only wanted a counter-tenor.² Could I believe my friend had ever read Shakespeare, I should certainly conclude he 50 had taken the hint from Theseus in *The Midsummer Night's Dream*³:—

“My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind,
 So flew’d, so sanded ; and their heads are hung
 With ears that sweep away the morning dew ;
 Crook-knee’d and dew-lapp’d like Thessalian bulls ;
 Slow in pursuit, but match’d in mouths like bells,
 Each under each : a cry more tuneable
 Was never holla’d to, nor cheer’d with horn.” 55

Sir Roger is so keen at this sport that he has been out 60 almost every day since I came down; and upon the chaplain’s

¹ particular, delicate, 37, 137.

² a high tenor.

³ IV, i, 124.

offering to lend me his easy pad,¹ I was prevailed on yesterday morning to make one of the company. I was extremely pleased, as we rid along, to observe the general benevolence
65 of all the neighborhood towards my friend. The farmers' sons thought themselves happy if they could open a gate for the good old Knight as he passed by; which he generally requited with a nod or a smile, and a kind inquiry after their fathers and uncles.

70 After we had rid about a mile from home, we came upon a large heath, and the sportsmen began to beat. They had done so for sometime, when, as I was at a little distance from the rest of the company, I saw a hare pop out from a small furze-brake almost under my horse's feet. I marked
75 the way she took, which I endeavored to make the company sensible of by extending my arm; but to no purpose, till Sir Roger, who knows that none of my extraordinary motions are insignificant, rode up to me, and asked me if puss² was gone that way. Upon my answering "Yes," he immediately
80 called in the dogs and put them upon the scent. As they were going off, I heard one of the country fellows muttering to his companion that 'twas a wonder they had not lost all their sport, for want of the silent gentleman's crying "Stole away!"

85 This, with my aversion to leaping hedges, made me withdraw to a rising ground, from whence I could have the picture of the whole chase, without the fatigue of keeping in with the hounds. The hare immediately threw them above a mile behind her; but I was pleased to find that instead of running straight forwards, or in hunter's language,
90 "flying the country," as I was afraid she might have done, she wheeled about, and described a sort of circle round the hill where I had taken my station, in such manner as gave me a very distinct view of the sport. I could see her first
95 pass by, and the dogs some time afterwards unravelling the

¹ an easy-going horse.

² the hare.

whole track she had made, and following her through all her doubles. I was at the same time delighted in observing that deference which the rest of the pack paid to each particular hound, according to the character he had acquired amongst them: if they were at fault, and an old hound of 100 reputation opened but once, he was immediately followed by the whole cry; while a raw dog, or one who was a noted liar, might have yelped his heart out, without being taken notice of.

The hare now, after having squatted two or three times, 105 and been put up again as often, came still nearer to the place where she was at first started. The dogs pursued her, and these were followed by the jolly Knight, who rode upon a white gelding, encompassed by his tenants and servants, and cheering his hounds with all the gaiety of five-and-twenty. 110 One of the sportsmen rode up to me, and told me that he was sure the chase was almost at an end, because the old dogs, which had hitherto lain behind, now headed the pack. The fellow was in the right. Our hare took a large field just under us, followed by the full cry "In view." I must con- 115 fess the brightness of the weather, the cheerfulness of everything around me, the chiding of the hounds, which was returned upon us in a double echo from two neighboring hills, with the holloaing of the sportsmen, and the sounding of the horn, lifted my spirits into a most lively pleasure, which 120 I freely indulged because I was sure it was innocent. If I was under any concern, it was on the account of the poor hare, that was now quite spent, and almost within the reach of her enemies; when the huntsman, getting forward, threw down his pole before the dogs. They were now within eight 125 yards of that game which they had been pursuing for almost as many hours; yet on the signal before-mentioned they all made a sudden stand, and though they continued opening as much as before, durst not once attempt to pass beyond the pole. At the same time Sir Roger rode forward, and alight- 130

ing, took up the hare in his arms; which he soon delivered up to one of his servants with an order, if she could be kept alive, to let her go in his great orchard; where it seems he has several of these prisoners of war, who live together in a
135 very comfortable captivity. I was highly pleased to see the discipline of the pack, and the good-nature of the Knight, who could not find in his heart to murder a creature that had given him so much diversion.

As we were returning home, I remembered that Monsieur
140 Pascal, in his most excellent discourse on *The Misery of Man*, tells us, that all our endeavors after greatness proceed from nothing but a desire of being surrounded by a multitude of persons and affairs that may hinder us from looking into ourselves, which is a view we cannot bear. He afterwards
145 goes on to show that our love of sports comes from the same reason, and is particularly severe upon hunting. "What," says he, "unless it be to drown thought, can make men throw away so much time and pains upon a silly animal, which they might buy cheaper in the market?" The foregoing
150 reflection is certainly just, when a man suffers his whole mind to be drawn into his sports, and altogether loses himself in the woods; but does not affect those who propose a far more laudable end from this exercise, I mean the preservation of health, and keeping all the organs of the soul in a condi-
155 tion to execute her orders. Had that incomparable person, whom I last quoted, been a little more indulgent to himself in this point, the world might probably have enjoyed him much longer; whereas through too great an application to his studies in his youth, he contracted that ill habit of body,
160 which, after a tedious sickness, carried him off in the fortieth year of his age; and the whole history we have of his life till that time is but one continued account of the behavior of a noble soul struggling under innumerable pains and distempers.

165 For my own part I intend to hunt twice a week during my

I cannot do this better, than in the following lines out of 170 Mr. Dryden:—

“The first physicians by debauch were made ;
Excess began, and sloth sustains the trade.
By chase our long-lived fathers earned their food ;
Toil strung the nerves, and purified the blood ;
But we their sons, a pamper'd race of men,
Are dwindled down to threescore years and ten.
Better to hunt in fields for health unbought
Than fee the doctor for a nauseous draught.
The wise for cure on exercise depend :
God never made His work for man to mend.”

XVI. THE COVERLEY WITCH.

[Addison.

—*Ipsi sibi somnia fingunt.*

VIRGIL, *Eclogues*, viii. 108.

With voluntary dreams they cheat their minds.

THERE are some opinions in which a man should stand neuter, without engaging his assent to one side or the other. Such a hovering faith as this, which refuses to settle upon any determination, is absolutely necessary to a mind that is careful to avoid errors and prepossessions. When the arguments press equally on both sides in matters that are indifferent to us, the safest method is to give up ourselves to neither.

It is with this temper of mind that I consider the subject of witchcraft. When I hear the relations that are made from 10 all parts of the world, not only from Norway and Lapland, from the East and West Indies, but from every particular

nation in Europe, I cannot forbear thinking that there is such an intercourse and commerce with evil spirits as that which we express by the name of witchcraft. But when I consider that the ignorant and credulous parts of the world abound most in these relations, and that the persons among us who are supposed to engage in such an infernal commerce are people of a weak understanding and a crazed imagination, and at the same time reflect upon the many impostures and delusions of this nature that have been detected in all ages, I endeavor to suspend my belief till I hear more certain accounts than any which have yet come to my knowledge. In short, when I consider the question, whether there are such persons in the world as those we call witches, my mind is divided between the two opposite opinions; or rather (to speak my thoughts freely) I believe in general that there is, and has been, such a thing as witchcraft; but at the same time can give no credit to any particular instance of it.

I am engaged in this speculation by some occurrences that I met with yesterday, which I shall give my reader an account of at large. As I was walking with my friend Sir Roger by the side of one of his woods, an old woman applied herself to me for my charity. Her dress and figure put me in mind of the following description in Otway¹:—

“In a close lane as I pursued my journey,
 I spied a wrinkled hag, with age grown double,
 Picking dry sticks, and mumbling to herself.
 Her eyes with scalding rheum were gall’d and red ;
 Cold palsy shook her head ; her hands seem’d wither’d ;
 And on her crooked shoulders had she wrapp’d
 The tatter’d remnants of an old striped hanging,
 Which served to keep her carcase from the cold :
 So there was nothing of a piece about her.
 Her lower weeds were all o’er coarsely patch’d
 With diff’rent colour’d rags, black, red, white, yellow,
 And seem’d to speak variety of wretchedness.”

¹ Thomas Otway (1652-1685), a dramatist of the generation preceding Addison,

As I was musing on this description, and comparing it with the object before me, the Knight told me that this very old woman had the reputation of a witch all over the country, 50 that her lips were observed to be always in motion, and that there was not a switch about her house which her neighbors did not believe had carried her several hundreds of miles. If she chanced to stumble, they always found sticks or straws that lay in the figure of a cross before her. If she made any 55 mistake at church, and cried Amen in a wrong place, they never failed to conclude that she was saying her prayers backwards. There was not a maid in the parish that would take a pin of her, though she would offer a bag of money with it. She goes by the name of Moll White, and has made the coun- 60 try ring with several imaginary exploits which are palmed upon her. If the dairy maid does not make her butter come so soon as she should have it, Moll White is at the bottom of the churn. If a horse sweats in the stable, Moll White has been upon his back. If a hare makes an unexpected escape 65 from the hounds, the huntsman curses Moll White. "Nay," says Sir Roger, "I have known the master of the pack, upon such an occasion, send one of his servants to see if Moll White had been out that morning."

This account raised my curiosity so far, that I begged my 70 friend Sir Roger to go with me into her hovel, which stood in a solitary corner under the side of the wood. Upon our first entering Sir Roger winked to me, and pointed at something that stood behind the door, which, upon looking that way, I found to be an old broomstaff. At the same time he 75 whispered me in the ear to take notice of a tabby cat that sat in the chimney corner, which, as the old Knight told me, lay under as bad a report as Moll White herself; for besides that Moll is said often to accompany her in the same shape, the cat is reported to have spoken twice or thrice in her life, 80 and to have played several pranks above the capacity of an ordinary cat.

I was secretly concerned to see human nature in so much wretchedness and disgrace, but at the same time could not
 85 forbear smiling to hear Sir Roger, who is a little puzzled about the old woman, advising her as a justice of peace to avoid all communications with the devil, and never to hurt any of her neighbors' cattle. We concluded our visit with a bounty, which was very acceptable.

90 In our return home, Sir Roger told me that old Moll had been often brought before him¹ for making children spit pins, and giving maids the nightmare; and that the country people would be tossing her into a pond² and trying experiments with her every day, if it was not for him and his chaplain.

95 I have since found upon inquiry that Sir Roger was several times staggered with the reports that had been brought him concerning this old woman, and would frequently have bound her over to the county sessions had not his chaplain with much ado persuaded him to the contrary.

100 I have been the more particular in this account, because I hear there is scarce a village in England that has not a Moll White in it. When an old woman begins to dote, and grow chargeable to a parish,³ she is generally turned into a witch, and fills the whole country with extravagant fancies, imag-
 105 inary distempers and terrifying dreams. In the mean time, the poor wretch that is the innocent occasion of so many evils begins to be frightened at herself, and sometimes confesses secret commerce and familiarities that her imagination forms in a delirious old age. This frequently cuts off charity from
 110 the greatest objects of compassion, and inspires people with a malevolence towards those poor decrepit parts of our species in whom human nature is defaced by infirmity and dotage.⁴

¹ as a magistrate.

² You could tell whether a person were a witch by throwing her into the water. If she floated she was a witch; if she sank she was not.

³ If she has to be cared for by the parish.

⁴ It is worth noting that this essay, which really shows no belief in witchcraft, in spite of the protestation at the beginning, was written only twenty years after the Salem

XVII. SIR ROGER ON THE WIDOW.

No. 118.]

Monday, July 16, 1711.

[Steele.

—*Harret lateri lethalis arundo.*VIRGIL, *Æneid*, iv. 73.*The fatal dart**Sticks in his side and rankles in his heart.*—DRYDEN.

THIS agreeable seat is surrounded with so many pleasing walks which are struck out of a wood in the midst of which the house stands, that one can hardly ever be weary of rambling from one labyrinth of delight to another. To one used to live in a city the charms of the country are so exquisite 5 that the mind is lost in a certain transport which raises us above ordinary life, and is yet not strong enough to be inconsistent with tranquillity.¹ This state of mind was I in, ravished with the murmur of waters, the whisper of breezes, the singing of birds; and whether I looked up to the heavens, 10 down on the earth, or turned to the prospects around me, still² struck with new sense of pleasure; when I found by the voice of my friend, who walked by me, that we had insensibly strolled into the grove sacred to the Widow.³ “This woman,” says he, “is of all others the most unintelligible; 15 she either designs to marry, or she does not.⁴ What is the most perplexing of all is, that she doth not either say to her lovers she has any resolution against that condition of life in general, or that she banishes them; but conscious of her own merit, she permits their addresses without fear of any ill 20 consequence, or want of respect, from their rage or despair.

witchcraft delusion, in which the wisest as well as the most foolish of New England went equally astray.

¹ Compare this with Addison's view in the next essay of the first reflections of a man leaving the city for the country.

² always.

³ Cf. 113, at the beginning.

⁴ It would not have been strange had she held the latter idea; she must have been about the age of Sir Roger himself, and seems to have remained unmarried about thirty or forty years.

She has that in her aspect against which it is impossible to offend. A man whose thoughts are constantly bent upon so agreeable an object must be excused if the ordinary occurrences in conversation are below his attention. I call her indeed perverse, but, alas! why do I call her so? Because her superior merit is such, that I cannot approach her without awe, that my heart is checked by too much esteem; I am angry that her charms are not more accessible, that I am more inclined to worship than salute her. How often have I wished her unhappy that I might have an opportunity of serving her! and how often troubled in that very imagination, at giving her the pain of being obliged! Well, I have led a miserable life in secret upon her account; but fancy she would have condescended to have some regard for me, if it had not been for that watchful animal, her confidante.

“Of all persons under the sun,” continued he, calling me by my name, “be sure to set a mark upon confidantes;¹ they are of all people the most impertinent. What is most pleasant to observe in them is that they assume to themselves the merit of the persons whom they have in their custody. Orestilla is a great fortune, and in wonderful danger of surprises, therefore full of suspicions of the least indifferent thing, particularly careful of new acquaintance, and of growing too familiar with the old. Themista, her favorite woman, is every whit as careful of whom she speaks to, and what she says. Let the ward be a beauty, her confidante shall treat you with an air of distance; let her be a fortune, and she assumes the suspicious behavior of her friend and patroness. Thus it is that very many of our unmarried women of distinction are to all intents and purposes married, except the consideration of different sexes. They are directly under the conduct of their whisperer; and think they are in a state of

¹ Cf. Sir Roger's earlier experience with confidantes, who were combinations of chaperone and companion.

freedom, while they can prate with one of these attendants 55
of all men in general and still avoid the man they most like.
You do not see one heiress in an hundred whose fate does
not turn upon this circumstance of choosing a confidante.
Thus it is that the lady is addressed to, presented and flat-
tered, only by proxy, in her woman. In my case, how is it 60
possible that—”

Sir Roger was proceeding in his harangue, when we heard
the voice of one speaking very importunately, and repeating
these words, “What, not one smile?” We followed the
sound till we came to a close thicket, on the other side of 65
which we saw a young woman sitting as it were in a per-
sonated sullenness just over a transparent fountain. Oppo-
site to her stood Mr. William, Sir Roger’s master of the game.
The Knight whispered me, “Hist, these are lovers.” The
huntsman looking earnestly at the shadow of the young 70
maiden in the stream, “O thou dear picture, if thou couldst
remain there in the absence of that fair creature, whom you
represent in the water, how willingly could I stand here satis-
fied for ever, without troubling my dear Betty herself with
any mention of her unfortunate William, whom she is angry 75
with: but alas! when she pleases to be gone, thou wilt also
vanish—yet let me talk to thee while thou dost stay. Tell
my dearest Betty thou dost not more depend upon her than
does her William: her absence will make away with me as
well as thee. If she offers to remove thee, I’ll jump into these 80
waves to lay hold on thee; herself, her own dear person. I
must never embrace again.—Still do you hear me without
one smile—it is too much to bear.” He had no sooner spoke
these words but he made an offer of throwing himself into
the water; at which his mistress started up, and at the next 85
instant he jumped across the fountain and met her in an
embrace. She, half recovering from her fright, said in the
most charming voice imaginable, and with a tone of com-
plaint, “I thought how well you would drown yourself. No,

90 no, you won't drown yourself till you have taken your leave of Susan Holliday." The huntsman, with a tenderness that spoke the most passionate love, and with his cheek close to hers, whispered the softest vows of fidelity in her ear, and cried, "Don't, my dear, believe a word Kate Willow says;
95 she is spiteful and makes stories, because she loves to hear me talk to herself for your sake." "Look you there," quoth Sir Roger, "do you see there, all mischief comes from confidantes! But let us not interrupt them; the maid is honest, and the man dares not be otherwise, for he knows I loved
100 her father; I will interpose in this matter, and hasten the wedding. Kate Willow is a witty mischievous wench in the neighborhood, who was a beauty; and makes me hope I shall see the perverse Widow in her condition. She was so flippant with her answers to all the honest fellows that came near her,
105 and so very vain of her beauty, that she has valued herself upon her charms till they are ceased. She therefore now makes it her business to prevent other young women from being more discreet than she was herself; however, the saucy thing said the other day well enough, 'Sir Roger and I must
110 make a match, for we are both despised by those we loved.' The hussy has a great deal of power wherever she comes, and has her share of cunning.

"However, when I reflect upon this woman, I do not know whether in the main I am worse for having loved her; when-
115 ever she is recalled to my imagination my youth returns and I feel a forgotten warmth in my veins. This affliction in my life has streaked all my conduct with a softness of which I should otherwise have been incapable. It is, perhaps, to this dear image in my heart owing, that I am apt to relent, that
120 I easily forgive, and that many desirable things are grown into my temper, which I should not have arrived at by better motives than the thought of being one day hers. I am pretty well satisfied such a passion as I have had is never well cured; and between you and me, I am often apt to imagine it has

had some whimsical effect upon my brain.¹ For I frequently find, that in my most serious discourse I let fall some comical familiarity of speech or odd phrase that makes the company laugh; however, I cannot but allow she is a most excellent woman. When she is in the country, I warrant she does not run into dairies, but reads upon the nature of plants; but has a glass hive, and comes into the garden out of books to see them work, and observe the policies of their commonwealth. She understands everything. I'd give ten pounds to hear her argue with my friend Sir Andrew Freeport about trade. No, no, for all she looks so innocent as it were, take my word for it she is no fool."

XVIII. TOWN AND COUNTRY MANNERS.

No. 119.]

Tuesday, July 17, 1711.

[Addison.

*Urbem quam dicunt Romam, Melibæe, putari
Stultus ego huic nostræ similem—*

VIRGIL, *Eclogues*, i. 20.

*The city men call Rome, unskilful clown,
I thought resembled this our humble town.—WARTON.*

THE first and most obvious reflections which arise in a man who changes the city for the country² are upon the different manners of the people whom he meets with in those two different scenes of life. By manners I do not mean morals, but behavior and good breeding as they show themselves in the town and in the country.

And here, in the first place, I must observe a very great revolution that has happened in this article of good breeding. Several obliging deferences, condescensions, and submissions, with many outward forms and ceremonies that accompany them, were first of all brought up among the politer part of

¹ The Spectator had something the same idea.

² Compare this with Steele's reflections at the beginning of the preceding essay.

mankind, who lived in courts and cities, and distinguished themselves from the rustic part of the species (who on all occasions acted bluntly and naturally) by such a mutual com-
15 plaisance and intercourse of civilities. These forms of conversation¹ by degrees multiplied and grew troublesome; the modish world found too great a constraint in them, and have therefore thrown most of them aside. Conversation, like the Romish religion, was so encumbered with show and ceremony,
20 that it stood in need of a reformation to retrench its superfluities, and restore it to its natural good sense and beauty. At present therefore an unconstrained carriage, and a certain openness of behavior, are the height of good breeding. The fashionable world is grown free and easy; our manners sit
25 more loose upon us. Nothing is so modish as an agreeable negligence. In a word, good breeding shows itself most, where to an ordinary eye it appears the least.

If after this we look on the people of mode in the country, we find in them the manners of the last age. They have no
30 sooner fetched themselves up to the fashion of the polite world, but the town has dropped them, and are nearer to the first state of nature than to those refinements which formerly reigned in the court, and still prevail in the country. One may now know a man that never conversed in the world by
35 his excess of good breeding. A polite country squire shall make you as many bows in half an hour as would serve a courtier for a week. There is infinitely more to do about place and precedence in a meeting of justices' wives² than in an assembly of duchesses.

40 This rural politeness is very troublesome to a man of my temper, who generally take the chair that is next me, and walk first or last, in the front or in the rear, as chance directs. I have known my friend Sir Roger's dinner almost cold before the company could adjust the ceremonial, and be prevailed

¹ social intercourse as in 109, 4. Cf. l. 15 below.

² wives of those in the quorum, like Sir Roger.

upon to sit down; and have heartily pitied my old friend, 45 when I have seen him forced to pick and cull his guests, as they sat at the several parts of his table, that he might drink their healths according to their respective ranks and qualities: Honest Will Wimble, who I should have thought had been altogether uninfected with ceremony, gives me abundance of 50 trouble in this particular. Though he has been fishing all the morning, he will not help himself at dinner till I am served. When we are going out of the hall, he runs behind me; and last night, as we were walking in the fields, stopped short at a stile till I came up to it, and upon my making signs 55 to him to get over, told me, with a serious smile, that sure I believed they had no manners in the country.

There has happened another revolution in the point of good breeding, which relates to the conversation among men of mode, and which I cannot but look upon as very extraor- 60 dinary. It was certainly one of the first distinctions of a well-bred man, to express everything that had the most remote appearance of being obscene in modest terms and distant phrases; whilst the clown, who had no such delicacy of conception and expression, clothed his ideas in those plain, homely 65 terms that are the most obvious and natural. This kind of good manners was perhaps carried to an excess, so as to make conversation too stiff, formal, and precise; for which reason (as hypocrisy in one age is generally succeeded by atheism in another) conversation is in a great measure relapsed into the 70 first extreme; so that at present several of our men of the town, and particularly those who have been polished in France, make use of the most coarse uncivilized words in our language, and utter themselves often in such a manner as a clown would blush to hear.

75

This infamous piece of good breeding, which reigns among the coxcombs of the town, has not yet made its way into the country; and as it is impossible for such an irrational way of conversation to last long among a people that make any

80 profession of religion, or show of modesty, if the country gentlemen get into it they will certainly be left in the lurch. Their good breeding will come too late to them, and they will be thought a parcel of lewd clowns, while they fancy themselves talking together like men of wit and pleasure.

85 As the two points of good breeding which I have hitherto insisted upon regard behavior and conversation, there is a third, which turns upon dress. In this, too, the country are very much behindhand. The rural beaus are not yet got out of the fashion that took place at the time of the Revolution,¹
 90 but ride about the country in red coats and laced hats, while the women in many parts are still trying to outvie one another in the height of their head-dresses.

But a friend of mine, who is now upon the western circuit, having promised to give me an account of the several modes
 95 and fashions that prevail in the different parts of the nation through which he passes, I shall defer the enlarging upon this last topic till I have received a letter from him, which I expect every post.²

XIX. INSTINCT IN ANIMALS.

No. 120.]

Wednesday, July 18, 1711.

[Addison.

—*Equidem credo, quia sit divinitus illis
 Ingenium—*

VIRGIL, *Georgics*, i. 451.

I think their breasts with heavenly souls inspired.

My friend Sir Roger is very often merry with me upon my passing so much of my time among his poultry. He has caught me twice or thrice looking after a bird's nest, and several times sitting an hour or two together near an hen and
 5 chickens. He tells me he believes I am personally acquainted with every fowl about his house; calls such a particular cock

¹ twenty-five years before.

²*Spectator*, No. 129.

my favorite, and frequently complains that his ducks and geese have more of my company than himself.

I must confess I am infinitely delighted with those speculations of nature which are to be made in a country life; and 10 as my reading has very much lain among books of natural history, I cannot forbear recollecting upon this occasion the several remarks which I have met with in authors, and comparing them with what falls under my own observation: the arguments for Providence drawn from the natural history of 15 animals being in my opinion demonstrative.¹

The make of every kind of animal is different from that of every other kind; and yet there is not the least turn in the muscles or twist in the fibres of any one, which does not render them more proper for that particular animal's way of 20 life than any other cast or texture of them would have been.

The most violent appetites in all creatures are lust and hunger. The first is a perpetual call upon them to propagate their kind; the latter to preserve themselves.

It is astonishing to consider the different degrees of care 25 that descend from the parent to the young, so far as is absolutely necessary for the leaving a posterity. Some creatures cast their eggs as chance directs them, and think of them no farther, as insects and several kinds of fish; others, of a nicer frame, find out proper beds to deposit them in, and there 30 leave them, as the serpent, the crocodile, and ostrich; others hatch their eggs and tend the birth, till it is able to shift for itself.

What can we call the principle which directs every different kind of bird to observe a particular plan in the structure of 35 its nest, and directs all of the same species to work after the same model? It cannot be imitation; for though you hatch a crow under a hen, and never let it see any of the works of its own kind, the nest it makes shall be the same, to the laying of a stick, with all the other nests of the same species. It 40

¹ that is they demonstrate or show forth the existence of a God.

cannot be reason; for were animals indued with it to as great a degree as man, their buildings would be as different as ours, according to the different conveniences that they would propose to themselves.

- 45 Is it not remarkable, that the same temper of weather, which raises this genial warmth in animals, should cover the trees with leaves, and the fields with grass, for their security and concealment, and produce such infinite swarms of insects for the support and sustenance of their respective broods?
- 50 Is it not wonderful that the love of the parent should be so violent while it lasts, and that it should last no longer than is necessary for the preservation of the young?

But notwithstanding this natural love in brutes is much more violent and intense than in rational creatures, Providence has taken care that it should be no longer troublesome
55 to the parent than it is useful to the young; for so soon as the wants of the latter cease, the mother withdraws her fondness, and leaves them to provide for themselves; and what is a very remarkable circumstance in this part of instinct, we
60 find that the love of the parent may be lengthened out beyond its usual time, if the preservation of the species requires it: as we may see in birds that drive away their young as soon as they are able to get their livelihood, but continue to feed them if they are tied to the nest, or confined within a
65 cage, or by any other means appear to be out of a condition of supplying their own necessities.

This natural love is not observed in animals to ascend from the young to the parent, which is not at all necessary for the continuance of the species; nor indeed in reasonable crea-
70 tures does it rise in any proportion, as it spreads itself downwards; for in all family affection, we find protection granted and favors bestowed are greater motives to love and tenderness than safety, benefits, or life received.

One would wonder to hear skeptical men ¹ disputing for the

¹ such as could not believe in religion.

reason of animals, and telling us it is only our pride and prejudices that will not allow them the use of that faculty. 75

Reason shows itself in all occurrences of life; whereas the brute makes no discovery of such a talent, but ¹ in what immediately regards his own preservation or the continuance of his species. Animals in their generation are wiser than 80 the sons of men; but their wisdom is confined to a few particulars, and lies in a very narrow compass. Take a brute out of his instinct, and you find him wholly deprived of understanding. To use an instance that comes often under observation: 85

With what caution does the hen provide herself a nest in places unfrequented, and free from noise and disturbance! When she has laid her eggs in such a manner that she can cover them, what care does she take in turning them frequently, that all parts may partake of the vital warmth! 90 When she leaves them, to provide for her necessary sustenance, how punctually does she return before they have time to cool, and become incapable of producing an animal! In the summer you see her giving herself greater freedoms, and quitting her care for above two hours together; but in winter, 95 when the rigor of the season would chill the principles of life, and destroy the young one, she grows more assiduous in her attendance, and stays away but half the time. When the birth approaches, with how much nicety and attention does she help the chick to break its prison! not to take notice of 100 her covering it from the injuries of the weather, providing it proper nourishment, and teaching it to help itself; nor to mention her forsaking the nest, if after the usual time of reckoning the young ones does not make its appearance. A chemical operation could not be followed with greater art or 105 diligence than is seen in the hatching of a chick; though there are many other birds that show an infinitely greater sagacity in all the forementioned particulars.

¹ except.

But at the same time the hen, that has all this seeming
 110 ingenuity (which is indeed absolutely necessary for the propa-
 gation of the species), considered in other respects, is without
 the least glimmerings of thought or common sense. She mis-
 takes a piece of chalk for an egg, and sits upon it in the same
 manner; she is insensible of any increase or diminution in
 115 the number of those she lays; she does not distinguish between
 her own and those of another species; and when the birth
 appears of never so different a bird, will cherish it for her
 own. In all these circumstances which do not carry an im-
 mediate regard to the subsistence of herself or her species,
 120 she is a very idiot.

There is not, in my opinion, anything more mysterious in
 nature than this instinct in animals, which thus rises above
 reason, and falls infinitely short of it. It cannot be accounted
 for by any properties in matter, and at the same time works
 125 after so odd a manner, that one cannot think it the faculty
 of an intellectual being. For my own part, I look upon it as
 upon the principle of gravitation in bodies, which is not to be
 explained by any known qualities inherent in the bodies them-
 selves, nor from any laws of mechanism, but according to the
 130 best notions of the greatest philosophers is an immediate
 impression from the first Mover, and the Divine energy acting
 in the creatures.

XX. INSTINCT IN ANIMALS.

No. 121.]

Thursday, July 19, 1711.

[Addison.

—*Jovis omnia plena.*

VIRGIL, *Eclogues*, iii. 60.

All things are full of Jove.

As I was walking this morning in the great yard that be-
 longs to my friend's country house, I was wonderfully pleased
 to see the different workings of instinct in a hen followed by

a brood of ducks. The young, upon the sight of a pond, immediately ran into it; while the stepmother, with all imaginable anxiety, hovered about the borders of it, to call them out of an element that appeared to her so dangerous and destructive. As the different principle which acted in these different animals cannot be termed reason, so, when we call it instinct, we mean something we have no knowledge of. To me, as I hinted in my last paper, it seems the immediate direction of Providence, and such an operation of the Supreme Being, as that which determines all the portions of matter to their proper centres. A modern philosopher, quoted by Monsieur Bayle in his learned *Dissertation on the Souls of Brutes*, delivers the same opinion, though in a bolder form of words, where he says, *Deus est anima brutorum*,—"God himself is the soul of brutes." Who can tell what to call that seeing sagacity in animals, which directs them to such food as is proper for them, and makes them naturally avoid whatever is noxious or unwholesome? Tully¹ has observed that a lamb no sooner falls from its mother, but immediately and of its own accord applies itself to the teat. Dampier,² in his *Travels*, tells us that, when seamen are thrown upon any of the unknown coasts of America, they never venture upon the fruit of any tree, how tempting soever it may appear, unless they observe that it is marked with the pecking of birds; but fall on without any fear or apprehension where the birds have been before them.

But notwithstanding animals have nothing like the use of reason, we find in them all the lower parts of our nature, the passions and senses, in their greatest strength and perfection. And here it is worth our observation, that all beasts and birds of prey are wonderfully subject to anger, malice, revenge, and all the other violent passions that may animate

¹ Marcus Tullius Cicero.

² William Dampier (1652-1715) was an English sailor who sailed around the world and wrote an account of his voyages.

them in search of their proper food; as those that are incapable of defending themselves, or annoying others, or whose safety lies chiefly in their flight, are suspicious, fearful and apprehensive of everything they see or hear; whilst others
 40 that are of assistance and use to man, have their natures softened with something mild and tractable, and by that means are qualified for a domestic life. In this case the passions generally correspond with the make of the body. We do not find the fury of a lion in so weak and defenceless an
 45 animal as a lamb, nor the meekness of a lamb in a creature so armed for battle and assault as the lion. In the same manner, we find that particular animals have a more or less exquisite sharpness and sagacity in those particular senses which most turn to their advantage, and in which their
 50 safety and welfare is the most concerned.

Nor must we here omit that great variety of arms with which nature has differently fortified the bodies of several kinds of animals, such as claws, hoofs and horns, teeth and tusks, a tail, a sting, a trunk, or a proboscis. It is likewise
 55 observed by naturalists, that it must be some hidden principle, distinct from what we call reason, which instructs animals in the use of these their arms, and teaches them to manage them to the best advantage; because they naturally defend themselves with that part in which their strength lies, before
 60 the weapon be formed in it; as is remarkable in lambs, which, though they are bred within doors, and never saw the actions of their own species, push at those who approach them with their foreheads, before the first budding of a horn appears.

I shall add to these general observations an instance, which
 65 Mr. Locke has given us,¹ of Providence even in the imperfections of a creature which seems the meanest and the most despicable in the whole animal world. "We may," says he, "from the make of an oyster or cockle, conclude that it has not so many nor so quick senses as a man, or several other

¹ in the *Essay Concerning the Human Understanding*, already quoted.

animals; nor if it had, would it, in that state and incapacity 70
of transferring itself from one place to another, be bettered
by them. What good would sight and hearing do to a crea-
ture, that cannot move itself to or from the object, wherein
at a distance it perceives good or evil? And would not
quickness of sensation be an inconvenience to an animal that 75
must be still where chance has once placed it, and there receive
the afflux of colder or warmer, clean or foul water, as it
happens to come to it?"

I shall add to this instance out of Mr. Locke another out
of the learned Dr. More, who cites it from Cardan, in rela- 80
tion to another animal which Providence has left defective,
but at the same time has shown its wisdom in the formation
of that organ in which it seems chiefly to have failed. "What
is more obvious and ordinary than a mole? and yet what more
palpable argument of Providence than she? The members 85
of her body are so exactly fitted to her nature and manner
of life: for her dwelling being under ground, where nothing
is to be seen, nature has so obscurely fitted her with eyes, that
naturalists can hardly agree whether she have any sight at
all or no. But for amends, what she is capable of for her 90
defence and warning of dangers, she has very eminently con-
ferred upon her; for she is exceeding quick of hearing. And
then her short tail and short legs, but broad fore-feet armed
with sharp claws,—we see by the event to what purpose they
are, she so swiftly working herself under ground, and making 95
her way so fast in the earth, as they that behold it cannot but
admire it. Her legs therefore are short, that she need dig no
more than will serve the mere thickness of her body; and her
fore-feet are broad, that she may scoop away much earth at a
time; and little or no tail she has, because she courses it not 100
on the ground like the rat or mouse, of whose kindred she is,
but lives under the earth, and is fain to dig herself a dwelling
there. And she making her way through so thick an element,
which will not yield easily, as the air or the water, it had

105 been dangerous to have drawn so long a train behind her; for her enemy might fall upon her rear, and fetch her out before she had completed or got full possession of her works."

I cannot forbear mentioning Mr. Boyle's remark upon this last creature, who I remember somewhere in his works ob-
110 serves, that though the mole be not totally blind (as it is commonly thought) she has not sight enough to distinguish particular objects. Her eye is said to have but one humor¹ in it, which is supposed to give her the idea of light, but of nothing else, and is so formed that this idea is probably pain-
115 ful to the animal. Whenever she comes up into broad day she might be in danger of being taken, unless she were thus affected by a light striking upon her eye, and immediately warning her to bury herself in her proper element. More sight would be useless to her, as none at all might be fatal.

120 I have only instanced such animals as seem the most imperfect works of nature; and if Providence shows itself even in the blemishes of these creatures, how much more does it discover itself in the several endowments which it has variously bestowed upon such creatures as are more or less finished
125 and completed in their several faculties, according to the condition of life in which they are posted.

I could wish our Royal Society would compile a body of natural history, the best that could be gathered together from books and observations. If the several writers among them
130 took each his particular species, and gave us a distinct account of its original, birth, and education, its policies, hostilities, and alliances, with the frame and texture of its inward and outward parts, and particularly those that distinguish it from all other animals, with their peculiar aptitudes for the state
135 of being in which Providence has placed them, it would be one of the best services their studies could do mankind, and not a little redound to the glory of the all-wise Contriver.

It is true such a natural history, after all the disquisitions

¹ a kind of moisture,

of the learned, would be infinitely short and defective. Seas and deserts hide millions of animals from our observation. 140 Innumerable artifices and stratagems are acted in the “howling wilderness” and in the “great deep,” that can never come to our knowledge. Besides that there are infinitely more species of creatures which are not to be seen without nor indeed with the help of the finest glasses, than of such as 145 are bulky enough for the naked eye to take hold of. However, from the consideration of such animals as lie within the compass of our knowledge, we might easily form a conclusion of the rest, that the same variety of wisdom and goodness runs through the whole creation and puts every creature in 150 a condition to provide for its safety and subsistence in its proper station.¹

Tully has given us an admirable sketch of natural history in his second book concerning *The Nature of the Gods*; and that in a style so raised by metaphors and descriptions, that 155 it lifts the subject above raillery and ridicule, which frequently fall on such nice observations when they pass through the hands of an ordinary writer.

XXI. SIR ROGER AT THE ASSIZES.

No. 122.]

Friday, July 20, 1711.

[Addison.

Comes jucundus in via pro vehiculo est.

PUBLIUS SYRUS, *Fragments.*

An agreeable companion on the road is as good as a coach.

A MAN’S first care should be to avoid the reproaches of his own heart; his next to escape the censures of the world. If the last interferes with the former, it ought to be entirely neglected; but otherwise there cannot be a greater satisfaction

¹ Such speculations as the foregoing have long interested mankind. Facts like those remarked are at the bottom of the theory of Darwin, although they led that great student to a view very different, at least superficially, from that of ll. 50-52.

5 to an honest mind than to see those approbations which it gives itself seconded by the applauses of the public. A man is more sure of his conduct when the verdict which he passes upon his own behavior is thus warranted and confirmed by the opinion of all that know him.

10 My worthy friend Sir Roger is one of those who is not only at peace within himself, but beloved and esteemed by all about him. He receives a suitable tribute for his universal benevolence to mankind in the returns of affection and good-will which are paid him by every one that lives within his neigh-
15 borhood. I lately met with two or three odd instances of that general respect which is shown to the good old Knight. He would needs carry Will Wimble and myself with him to the county assizes.¹ As we were upon the road, Will Wimble joined a couple of plain men who rid² before us, and con-
20 versed with them for some time; during which my friend Sir Roger acquainted me with their characters.

“The first of them,” says he, “that has a spaniel by his side, is a yeoman of about an hundred pounds a year,³ an honest man. He is just within the Game Act,⁴ and qualified
25 to kill an hare or a pheasant. He knocks down a dinner with his gun twice or thrice a week; and by that means lives much cheaper than those who have not so good an estate as himself. He would be a good neighbor if he did not destroy so many partridges; in short, he is a very sensible man, shoots
30 flying, and has been several times foreman of the petty jury.⁵”

“The other that rides along with him is Tom Touchy, a fellow famous for taking the law of everybody. There is not one in the town where he lives that he has not sued at a quarter sessions. The rogue had once the impudence to go

¹ the sittings of the county magistrates and higher judges on circuit.

² Cf. 113, 43.

³ i. e. with that income.

⁴ The Game Act settled various questions concerning this very important matter, and among them the right to shoot.

⁵ the ordinary jury as distinguished from the grand jury.

to law with the Widow. His head is full of costs, damages, 35
and ejectments; he plagued a couple of honest gentlemen so
long for a trespass in breaking one of his hedges, till he was
forced to sell the ground it enclosed to defray the charges of
the prosecution. His father left him fourscore pounds a year,
but he has cast and been cast¹ so often that he is not now 40
worth thirty. I suppose he is going upon the old business
of the willow tree.”²

As Sir Roger was giving me this account of Tom Touchy,
Will Wimble and his two companions stopped short till we
came up to them. After having paid their respects to Sir 45
Roger, Will told him that Mr. Touchy and he must appeal to
him upon a dispute that arose between them. Will, it seems,
had been giving his fellow-traveller an account of his angling
one day in such a hole; when Tom Touchy, instead of hear-
ing out his story, told him that Mr. Such-an-one, if he pleased, 50
might take the law of him for fishing in that part of the river.
My friend Sir Roger heard them both, upon a round trot; and
after having paused some time, told them, with the air of a
man who would not give his judgment rashly, that much
might be said on both sides. They were neither of them dis- 55
satisfied with the Knight's determination, because neither of
them found himself in the wrong by it. Upon which we made
the best of our way to the assizes.

The court was sat before Sir Roger came; but notwith-
standing all the justices had taken their places upon the 60
bench, they made room for the old Knight at the head of
them; who, for his reputation in the country, took occasion
to whisper in the judge's³ ear, that he was glad his lordship
had met with so much good weather in his circuit. I was
listening to the proceeding of the court with much attention, 65
and infinitely pleased with that great appearance and sol-

¹ to be cast in damages, is the fuller expression.

² evidently some well-known matter of no importance.

³ the judge who was holding court on circuit.

emnity which so properly accompanies such a public administration of our laws; when, after about an hour's sitting, I observed, to my great surprise, in the midst of a trial, that
70 my friend Sir Roger was getting up to speak. I was in some pain for him, till I found he had acquitted himself of two or three sentences, with a look of much business and great intrepidity.

Upon his first rising the court was hushed, and a general
75 whisper ran among the country people that Sir Roger was up. The speech he made was so little to the purpose, that I shall not trouble my readers with an account of it; and I believe was not so much designed by the Knight himself to inform the court, as to give him a figure in my eye, and keep
80 up his credit in the country.

I was highly delighted, when the court rose, to see the gentlemen of the country gathering about my old friend and striving who should compliment him most; at the same time that the ordinary people gazed upon him at a distance, not
85 a little admiring his courage, that was not afraid to speak to the judge.

In our return home we met with a very odd accident, which I cannot forbear relating, because it shows how desirous all who know Sir Roger are of giving him marks of their esteem.
90 When we were arrived upon the verge of his estate, we stopped at a little inn to rest ourselves and our horses. The man of the house had, it seems, been formerly a servant in the Knight's family; and to do honor to his old master, had some time since, unknown to Sir Roger, put
95 him up in a sign-post before the door; so that the Knight's Head had hung out upon the road about a week before he himself knew anything of the matter. As soon as Sir Roger was acquainted with it, finding that his servant's indiscretion proceeded wholly from affection and good-will,
100 he only told him that he had made him too high a compliment; and when the fellow seemed to think that could hardly

be, added, with a more decisive look, that it was too great an honor for any man under a duke; but told him at the same time that it might be altered with a very few touches, and that he himself would be at the charge of it. Accord- 105
ingly they got a painter, by the Knight's directions, to add a pair of whiskers to the face, and by a little aggravation of the features to change it into the Saracen's Head.¹ I should not have known this story had not the innkeeper, upon Sir Roger's alighting, told him in my hearing, that his honor's 110
head was brought back last night with the alterations that he had ordered to be made in it. Upon this my friend, with his usual cheerfulness, related the particulars above mentioned, and ordered the head to be brought into the room. I could not forbear discovering greater expressions of mirth 115
than ordinary upon the appearance of this monstrous face, under which, notwithstanding it was made to frown and stare in a most extraordinary manner, I could still discover a distant resemblance of my old friend. Sir Roger, upon seeing me laugh, desired me to tell him truly if I thought it pos- 120
sible for people to know him in that disguise. I at first kept my usual silence; but upon the Knight's conjuring me to tell him whether it was not still more like himself than a Saracen, I composed my countenance in the best manner I could, and replied "That much might be said on both sides." 125

These several adventures, with the Knight's behavior in them, gave me as pleasant a day as ever I met with in any of my travels.

¹ a favorite sign for inns.

XXII. THE EDUCATION OF AN HEIR.

No. 123.]

Saturday, July 21, 1711.

[Addison.

*Doctrina sed vim promovet insitam
 Rectique cultus pectora roborant :
 Utcunque defecere mores,
 Dedecorant bene nata culpæ.*

HORACE, *Ode* iv. 4. 33.

*Yet the best blood by learning is refined,
 And virtue arms the solid mind ;
 Whilst vice will stain the noblest race,
 And the paternal stamp efface.—OLDISWORTH.*

As I was yesterday taking the air with my friend Sir Roger, we were met by a fresh-colored, ruddy young man, who rid¹ by us full speed, with a couple of servants behind him. Upon my inquiry who he was, Sir Roger told me that he
 5 was a young gentleman of a considerable estate, who had been educated by a tender mother, that lives not many miles from the place where we were. She is a very good lady, says my friend, but took so much care of her son's health, that she has made him good for nothing. She quickly found that
 10 reading was bad for his eyes, and that writing made his head ache. He was let loose among the woods as soon as he was able to ride on horseback, or to carry a gun upon his shoulder. To be brief, I found by my friend's account of him, that he had got a great stock of health, but nothing else ;
 15 and that if it were a man's business only to live, there would not be a more accomplished young fellow in the whole country.

The truth of it is, since my residing in these parts I have seen and heard innumerable instances of young heirs and
 20 elder brothers, who either from their own reflecting upon the estates they are born to, and therefore thinking all other accomplishments unnecessary, or from hearing these notions

¹ Cf. 116, 64; 122, 119.

frequently inculcated to them by the flattery of their servants and domestics, or from the same foolish thought prevailing in those who have the care of their education, are of no manner of use but to keep up their families, and transmit their lands and houses in a line to posterity. 25

This makes me often think on a story I have heard of two friends, which I shall give my reader at large, under feigned names. The moral of it may, I hope, be useful, though there are some circumstances which make it rather appear like a 30 novel than a true story.

Eudoxus and Leontine began the world with small estates. They were both of them men of good sense and great virtue. They prosecuted their studies together in their earlier years, 35 and entered into such a friendship as lasted to the end of their lives. Eudoxus, at his first setting out in the world, threw himself into a court,¹ where by his natural endowments and his acquired abilities he made his way from one post to another, till at length he had raised a very considerable for- 40 tune. Leontine, on the contrary, sought all opportunities of improving his mind by study, conversation, and travel. He was not only acquainted with all the sciences, but with the most eminent professors of them throughout Europe. He knew perfectly well the interests of its princes, with the cus- 45 toms and fashions of their courts, and could scarce meet with the name of an extraordinary person in the *Gazette* whom he had not either talked to or seen. In short, he had so well mixed and digested his knowledge of men and books, that he made one of the most accomplished persons of his age. 50 During the whole course of his studies and travels he kept up a punctual correspondence with Eudoxus, who often made himself acceptable to the principal men about court by the intelligence which he received from Leontine. When they were both turned of forty (an age in which, according to Mr. 55 Cowley, "there is no dallying with life") they determined,

¹ of some king or prince.

pursuant to the resolution they had taken in the beginning of their lives, to retire, and pass the remainder of their days in the country. In order to this, they both of them married
60 much about the same time. Leontine, with his own and his wife's fortune, bought a farm of three hundred a year, which lay within the neighborhood of his friend Eudoxus, who had purchased an estate of as many thousands. They were both of them fathers about the same time, Eudoxus having a son
65 born to him, and Leontine a daughter; but to the unspeakable grief of the latter, his young wife, in whom all his happiness was wrapt up, died in a few days after the birth of her daughter. His affliction would have been insupportable, had not he been comforted by the daily visits and conversations of his friend. As they were one day talking together with their usual intimacy, Leontine considering how incapable he was of giving his daughter a proper education in his own house, and Eudoxus reflecting on the ordinary behavior of a son who knows himself to be the heir of a great estate, they
75 both agreed upon an exchange of children; namely, that the boy should be bred up with Leontine as his son, and that the girl should live with Eudoxus as his daughter, till they were each of them arrived at years of discretion. The wife of Eudoxus, knowing that her son could not be so advantageously
80 brought up as under the care of Leontine, and considering at the same time that he would be perpetually under her own eye, was by degrees prevailed upon to fall in with the project. She therefore took Leonilla, for that was the name of the girl, and educated her as her own daughter. The two friends
85 on each side had wrought themselves to such an habitual tenderness for the children who were under their direction, that each of them had the real passion of a father where the title was but imaginary. Florio, the name of the young heir that lived with Leontine, though he had all the duty and affection imaginable for his supposed parent, was taught to rejoice
90 at the sight of Eudoxus, who visited his friend very fre-

quently, and was dictated by his natural affection, as well as by the rules of prudence, to make himself esteemed and beloved by Florio. The boy was now old enough to know his supposed father's circumstances, and that therefore he was to make his way in the world by his own industry. This consideration grew stronger in him every day, and produced so good an effect, that he applied himself with more than ordinary attention to the pursuit of everything which Leontine recommended to him. His natural abilities, which were very good, assisted by the directions of so excellent a counsellor, enabled him to make a quicker progress than ordinary through all the parts of his education. Before he was twenty years of age, having finished his studies and exercises with great applause, he was removed from the university to the Inns of Court,¹ where there are very few that make themselves considerable proficient in the studies of the place who know they shall arrive at great estates without them. This was not Florio's case; he found that three hundred a year was but a poor estate for Leontine and himself to live upon, so that he studied without intermission till he gained a very good insight into the constitution and laws of his country.

I should have told my reader that whilst Florio lived at the house of his foster-father he was always an acceptable guest in the family of Eudoxus, where he became acquainted with Leonilla from her infancy. His acquaintance with her by degrees grew into love, which in a mind trained up in all the sentiments of honor and virtue became a very uneasy passion. He despaired of gaining an heiress of so great a fortune, and would rather have died than attempted it by any indirect methods. Leonilla, who was a woman of the greatest beauty joined with the greatest modesty, entertained at the same time a secret passion for Florio, but conducted herself with so much prudence that she never gave him the least intimation of it. Florio was now engaged in all those arts

¹ The four great societies of lawyers are so called.

and improvements that are proper to raise a man's private fortune, and give him a figure in his country, but secretly tormented with that passion which burns with the greatest fury in a virtuous and noble heart, when he received a sudden summons from Leontine to repair to him into the country the next day. For it seems Eudoxus was so filled with the report of his son's reputation, that he could no longer withhold making himself known to him. The morning after his arrival at the house of his supposed father, Leontine told him that Eudoxus had something of great importance to communicate to him; upon which the good man embraced him and wept. Florio was no sooner arrived at the great house that stood in his neighborhood, but Eudoxus took him by the hand, after the first salutes were over, and conducted him into his closet. He there opened to him the whole secret of his parentage and education, concluding after this manner: "I have no other way left of acknowledging my gratitude to Leontine, than by marrying you to his daughter. He shall not lose the pleasure of being your father by the discovery I have made to you. Leonilla, too, shall be still my daughter; her filial piety, though misplaced, has been so exemplary that it deserves the greatest reward I can confer upon it. You shall have the pleasure of seeing a great estate fall to you, which you would have lost the relish of had you known yourself born to it. Continue only to deserve it in the same manner you did before you were possessed of it. I have left your mother in the next room. Her heart yearns toward you. She is making the same discoveries to Leonilla which I have made to yourself." Florio was so overwhelmed with this profusion of happiness, that he was not able to make a reply, but threw himself down at his father's feet, and amidst a flood of tears kissed and embraced his knees, asking his blessing, and expressing in dumb show those sentiments of love, duty, and gratitude that were too big for utterance. To conclude, the happy pair were married, and half Eudoxus's

estate settled upon them. Leontine and Eudoxus passed the remainder of their lives together; and received in the dutiful and affectionate behavior of Florio and Leonilla the just recompense, as well as the natural effects, of that care which they had bestowed upon them in their education. 165

XXIII. THE MISCHIEFS OF PARTY SPIRIT.

No. 125.]

Tuesday, July 24, 1711.

[Addison.

*Ne pueri, ne tanta animis assuescite bella :
Neu patrie validas in viscera vertite vires.*

VIRGIL, *Æneid*, vi. 832.

*Embrace again, my sons ; be foes no more,
Nor stain your country with her children's gore.*—DRYDEN.

MY worthy friend Sir Roger, when we were talking of the malice of parties,¹ very frequently tells us an accident that happened to him when he was a schoolboy, which was at a time when the feuds ran high between the Roundheads and Cavaliers.² This worthy Knight, being then but a stripling, 5 had occasion to enquire which was the way to St. Anne's Lane, upon which the person whom he spoke to, instead of answering his question, called him a young Popish cur, and asked him who had made Anne a saint. The boy, being in some confusion, inquired of the next he met, which was the 10 way to Anne's Lane; but was called a prick-eared cur for his pains, and instead of being shown the way, was told that she had been a saint before he was born, and would be one after he was hanged. "Upon this," says Sir Roger, "I did not think fit to repeat the former question, but going into 15 every lane of the neighborhood, asked what they called the name of that lane." By which ingenious artifice he found out the place he inquired after, without giving offence to any

¹ party politics ran high in Addison's day.

² Sir Roger was born about 1655. This would have been in the early days of the Restoration.

party. Sir Roger generally closes this narrative with reflections on the mischief that parties do in the country; how they spoil good neighborhood,¹ and make honest gentlemen hate one another; besides that they manifestly tend to the prejudice of the land tax, and the destruction of the game.²

There cannot a greater judgment befall a country than such a dreadful spirit of division as rends a government into two distinct people, and makes them greater strangers and more averse to one another, than if they were actually two different nations. The effects of such a division are pernicious to the last degree, not only with regard to those advantages which they give the common enemy, but to those private evils which they produce in the heart of almost every particular person. This influence is very fatal both to men's morals and their understandings; it sinks the virtue of a nation, and not only so, but destroys even common sense.

A furious party spirit, when it rages in its full violence, exerts itself in civil war and bloodshed; and when it is under its greatest restraints naturally breaks out in falsehood, detraction, calumny, and a partial administration of justice. In a word, it fills a nation with spleen and rancor, and extinguishes all the seeds of good-nature, compassion, and humanity.

Plutarch³ says very finely, that a man should not allow himself to hate even his enemies, because, says he, if you indulge this passion in some occasions, it will rise of itself in others; if you hate your enemies, you will contract such a vicious habit of mind, as by degrees will break out upon those who are your friends, or those who are indifferent to you. I might here observe how admirably this precept of morality (which derives the malignity of hatred from the passion itself, and not from its object) answers to that great rule

¹ the condition of living in a neighborly manner.

² This is an illustration of the inconsistency of Sir Roger's discourse.

³ the great biographer of antiquity.

which was dictated to the world about an hundred years before this philosopher ¹ wrote; but instead of that, I shall only take notice, with a real grief of heart, that the minds of many good men among us appear soured with party principles, and alienated from one another in such a manner, as seems to me 55 altogether inconsistent with the dictates either of reason or religion. Zeal for a public cause is apt to breed passions in the hearts of virtuous persons, to which the regard of their own private interest would never have betrayed them.

If this party spirit has so ill an effect on our morals, it 60 has likewise a very great one upon our judgments. We often hear a poor insipid paper or pamphlet cried up, and sometimes a noble piece depreciated, by those who are of a different principle from the author. One who is actuated by this spirit is almost under an incapacity of discerning either 65 real blemishes or beauties. A man of merit in a different principle is like an object seen in two different mediums,² that appears crooked or broken, however straight and entire it may be in itself. For this reason there is scarce a person of any figure in England who does not go by two contrary characters, 70 as opposite to one another as light and darkness. Knowledge and learning suffer in a particular manner from this strange prejudice, which at present prevails amongst all ranks and degrees in the British nation. As men formerly became eminent in learned societies by their parts and acquisitions, 75 they now distinguish themselves by the warmth and violence with which they espouse their respective parties. Books are valued upon the like considerations. An abusive, scurrilous style passes for satire, and a dull scheme of party notions is called fine writing. 80

There is one piece of sophistry practised by both sides, and that is the taking any scandalous story that has been ever whispered or invented of a private man, for a known un-

¹ Plutarch lived in the second half of the first century, and may have written as late as 130 A. D.

² as a stick in water seems to be bent.

doubted truth, and raising suitable speculations upon it.
85 Calumnies that have been never proved, or have been often
refuted, are the ordinary postulatums¹ of these infamous
scribblers, upon which they proceed as upon first principles
granted by all men, though in their hearts they know they
are false, or at best very doubtful. When they have laid these
90 foundations of scurrility, it is no wonder that their super-
structure is every way answerable to them. If this shameless
practice of the present age endures much longer, praise and
reproach will cease to be motives of action in good men.

There are certain periods of time in all governments when
95 this inhuman spirit prevails. Italy was long torn in pieces
by the Guelphs and Ghibellines,² and France by those who
were for and against the League:³ but it is very unhappy for
a man to be born in such a stormy and tempestuous season.
It is the restless ambition of artful men that thus breaks a
100 people into factions, and draws several well-meaning persons
to their interest by a specious concern for their country. How
many honest minds are filled with uncharitable and barbarous
notions, out of their zeal for the public good! What cruelties
and outrages would they not commit against men of an ad-
105 verse party, whom they would honor and esteem, if instead of
considering them as they are represented, they knew them
as they are! Thus are persons of the greatest probity se-
duced into shameful errors and prejudices, and made bad men
even by that noblest of principles, the love of their country.
110 I cannot here forbear mentioning the famous Spanish proverb,
“If there were neither fools nor knaves in the world, all
people would be of one mind.”

For my own part I could heartily wish that all honest
men would enter into an association for the support of one

¹ things taken for granted.

² The Guelphs were the adherents of the party of the Pope, the Ghibellines of the Emperor.

³ an association in France in the sixteenth century, formed to counteract Protestantism in that country.

another against the endeavors of those whom they ought to 115
 look upon as their common enemies, whatsoever side they may
 belong to. Were there such an honest body of neutral forces,
 we should never see the worst of men in great figures of life,
 because they are useful to a party; nor the best unregarded,
 because they are above practising those methods which would 120
 be grateful to their faction. We should then single every
 criminal out of the herd, and hunt him down, however for-
 midable and overgrown he might appear; on the contrary;
 we should shelter distressed innocence, and defend virtue,
 however beset with contempt or ridicule, envy or defamation. 125
 In short, we should not any longer regard our fellow subjects
 as Whigs or Tories, but should make the man of merit our
 friend, and the villain our enemy.

XXIV. THE MISCHIEFS OF PARTY SPIRIT.

No. 126.]

Wednesday, July 25, 1711.

[Addison.

*Tros Rutulusve fuat, nullo discrimine habebo.*VIRGIL, *Æneid*, x. 108.*Rutulians, Trojans, are the same to me.*—DRYDEN.

IN my yesterday's paper I proposed that the honest men
 of all parties should enter into a kind of association for the
 defence of one another, and the confusion of their common
 enemies. As it is designed this neutral body should act with
 a regard to nothing but truth and equity, and divest them- 5
 selves of the little heats and prepossessions that cleave to
 parties of all kinds, I have prepared for them the following
 form of an association, which may express their intentions in
 the most plain and simple manner:—

We whose names are hereunto subscribed do solemnly de- 10
clare, that we do in our consciences believe two and two make
four; and that we shall adjudge any man whatsoever to be

our enemy who endeavors to persuade us to the contrary. We are likewise ready to maintain, with the hazard of all that
 15 is near and dear to us, that six is less than seven in all times and all places, and that ten will not be more three years hence than it is at present. We do also firmly declare, that it is our resolution as long as we live to call black black, and white white. And we shall upon all occasions oppose such
 20 persons that upon any day of the year shall call black white, or white black, with the utmost peril of our lives and fortunes.

Were there such a combination of honest men, who without any regard to places would endeavor to extirpate all such
 25 furious zealots as would sacrifice one half of their country to the passion and interest of the other; as also such infamous hypocrites, that are for promoting their own advantage under color of the public good; with all the profligate immoral retainers to each side, that have nothing to recommend them
 30 but an implicit submission to their leaders;—we should soon see that furious party spirit extinguished, which may in time expose us to the derision and contempt of all the nations about us.

A member of this society, that would thus carefully em-
 35 ploy himself in making room for merit, by throwing down the worthless and depraved part of mankind from those conspicuous stations of life to which they have been sometimes advanced, and all this without any regard to his private interest, would be no small benefactor to his country.

40 I remember to have read in Diodorus Siculus¹ an account of a very active little animal, which I think he calls the ichneumon,² that makes it the whole business of his life to break the eggs of the crocodile, which he is always in search after. This instinct is the more remarkable, because³ . . .
 45 ichneumon never feeds upon the eggs he has broken, nor in

¹ a Greek historian, of the first century B. C., born in Sicily.

² an animal something like the weasel, found in Egypt.

any other way finds his account in them. Were it not for the incessant labors of this industrious animal, Egypt, says the historian, would be overrun with crocodiles; for the Egyptians are so far from destroying those pernicious creatures, that they worship them as gods. 50

If we look into the behavior of ordinary partisans, we shall find them far from resembling this disinterested animal; and rather acting after the example of the wild Tartars, who are ambitious of destroying a man of the most extraordinary parts and accomplishments, as thinking that upon his decease 55 the same talents, whatever post they qualified him for, enter of course into his destroyer.

As in the whole train of my speculations I have endeavored, as much as I am able, to extinguish that pernicious spirit of passion and prejudice which rages with the same violence 60 in all parties, I am still the more desirous of doing some good in this particular, because I observe that the spirit of party reigns more in the country than in the town. It here contracts a kind of brutality and rustic fierceness, to which men of a politer conversation are wholly strangers. It extends it- 65 self even to the return of the bow and the hat; and at the same time that the heads of parties preserve toward one another an outward show of good breeding, and keep up a perpetual intercourse of civilities, their tools¹ that are dispersed in these outlying parts will not so much as mingle together 70 at a cock-match. This humor fills the country with several periodical meetings of Whig jockeys and Tory foxhunters, not to mention the innumerable curses, frowns, and whispers it produces at a quarter sessions.

I do not know whether I have observed in any of my former 75 papers, that my friends Sir Roger de Coverley and Sir Andrew Martlet are of different principles, the first of them inclined to the landed and the other to the moneyed interest.² This

¹ subordinates.

² The landed interest (174, 8) was chiefly Tory, the moneyed interest Whig.

humor is so moderate in each of them, that it proceeds no
80 farther than to an agreeable raillery, which very often diverts
the rest of the Club. I find, however, that the Knight is a
much stronger Tory in the country than in town, which, as
he has told me in my ear, is absolutely necessary for the keep-
ing up his interest.¹ In all our journey from London to his
85 house we did not so much as bait at a Whig inn; or if by
chance the coachman stopped at a wrong place, one of Sir
Roger's servants would ride up to his master full speed, and
whisper to him that the master of the house was against such
an one in the last election. This often betrayed us into hard
90 beds and bad cheer; for we were not so inquisitive about the
inn as the innkeeper; and, provided our landlord's principles
were sound, did not take any notice of the staleness of his
provisions. This I found still the more inconvenient, be-
cause the better the host was, the worse generally were his
95 accommodations; the fellow knowing very well that those who
were his friends would take up with coarse diet and a hard
lodging. For these reasons, all the while I was upon the
road I dreaded entering into an house of any one that Sir
Roger had applauded for an honest man.

100 Since my stay at Sir Roger's in the country, I daily find
more instances of this narrow party-humor. Being upon a
bowling-green at a neighboring market-town the other day
(for that is the place where the gentlemen of one side meet
once a week), I observed a stranger among them of a better
105 presence and genteeler behavior than ordinary; but was much
surprised, that, notwithstanding he was a very fair better,
nobody would take him up. But upon inquiry I found that
he was one who had given a disagreeable vote in a former
parliament, for which reason there was not a man upon that
110 bowling-green who would have so much correspondence with
him as to win his money of him.

Among other instances of this nature, I must not omit one

¹ general position and reputation.

which concerns myself. Will Wimble was the other day relating several strange stories that he had picked up, nobody knows where, of a certain great man; and upon my staring 115 at him, as one that was surprised to hear such things in the country, which had never been so much as whispered in the town, Will stopped short in the thread of his discourse, and after dinner asked my friend Sir Roger in his ear if he was sure that I was not a fanatic. 120

It gives me a serious concern to see such a spirit of dissension in the country; not only as it destroys virtue and common sense, and renders us in a manner barbarians towards one another, but as it perpetuates our animosities, widens our breaches, and transmits our present passions and prejudices 125 to our posterity. For my own part, I am sometimes afraid that I discover the seeds of a civil war in these our divisions; and therefore cannot but bewail, as in their first principles, the miseries and calamities of our children.¹

XXV. SIR ROGER AND THE GYPSIES.

No. 130.]

Monday, July 30, 1711.

[Addison.

—————*Semperque recentes
Convectare juvat prædas, et vivere rapto.*

VIRGIL, *Æneid*, vii. 748.

*A plundering race, still eager to invade,
On spoil they live, and make of theft a trade.*

As I was yesterday riding out in the fields with my friend Sir Roger, we saw at a little distance from us a troop of gypsies. Upon the first discovery of them, my friend was in some doubt whether he should not exert the justice of the peace upon such a band of lawless vagrants; but not having 5

¹ No civil war resulted, although party strife continued for more than a hundred years to exhibit the utmost violence, rancor and meanness.

his clerk with him, who is a necessary counsellor on these occasions, and fearing that his poultry might fare the worse for it, he let the thought drop; but at the same time gave me a particular account of the mischiefs they do in the country, in stealing people's goods and spoiling their servants. "If a stray piece of linen hangs upon an hedge," says Sir Roger, "they are sure to have it; if the hog loses his way in the fields, it is ten to one but he becomes their prey; our geese cannot live in peace for them; if a man prosecutes them with severity, his hen-roost is sure to pay for it. They generally straggle into these parts about this time of the year; and set the heads of our servant-maids so agog for husbands, that we do not expect to have any business done as it should be whilst they are in the country. I have an honest dairy-maid who crosses their hands with a piece of silver every summer, and never fails being promised the handsomest young fellow in the parish for her pains. Your friend the butler has been fool enough to be seduced by them; and, though he is sure to lose a knife, a fork, or a spoon every time his fortune is told him, generally shuts himself up in the pantry with an old gypsy for above half an hour once in a twelve-month. Sweethearts are the things they live upon, which they bestow very plentifully upon all those that apply themselves to them. You see now and then some handsome young jades among them; they have very often white teeth and black eyes."

Sir Roger, observing that I listened with great attention to his account of a people who are so entirely new to me, told me that if I would they should tell us our fortunes. As I was very well pleased with the Knight's proposal, we rid up and communicated our hands to them. A Cassandra¹ of the crew, after having examined my lines very diligently, told me that I loved a pretty maid in a corner, that I was a

¹ Cassandra was a Greek prophetess, whose prophecies were no more believed than the gypsies'.

good woman's man, with some other particulars which I do not think proper to relate. My friend Sir Roger alighted 40 from his horse, and exposing his palm to two or three that stood by him, they crumpled it into all shapes, and diligently scanned every wrinkle that could be made in it; when one of them, who was older and more sunburnt than the rest, told him that he had a widow in his line of life; upon which 45 the Knight cried, "Go, go, you are an idle baggage," and at the same time smiled upon me. The gypsy, finding he was not displeased in his heart, told him, after a farther inquiry into his hand, that his true love was constant, and that she should dream of him to-night; my old friend cried 50 "Pish!" and bid her go on. The gypsy told him that he was a bachelor, but would not be so long; and that he was dearer to somebody than he thought. The Knight still repeated she was an idle baggage, and bid her go on. "Ah, master," says the gypsy, "that roguish leer of yours makes 55 a pretty woman's heart ache; you ha'n't that simper about the mouth for nothing——." The uncouth gibberish with which all this was uttered, like the darkness of an oracle, made us the more attentive to it. To be short, the Knight left the money with her that he had crossed her hand with, 60 and got up again on his horse.

As we were riding away, Sir Rodger told me that he knew several sensible people who believed these gypsies now and then foretold very strange things; and for half an hour together appeared more jocund than ordinary. In the height 65 of his good humor, meeting a common beggar upon the road, who was no conjurer, as he went to relieve him he found his pocket was picked, that being a kind of palmistry at which this race of vermin are very dexterous.

I might here entertain my reader with historical remarks 70 on this idle profligate people, who infest all the countries of Europe, and live in the midst of governments in a kind of commonwealth by themselves. But instead of entering into

observations of this nature, I shall fill the remaining part
75 of my paper with a story which is still fresh in Holland, and
was printed in one of our monthly accounts about twenty
years ago. "As the *trekschuyt*, or hackney-boat, which car-
ries passengers from Leyden to Amsterdam, was putting off,
a boy running along the side of the canal desired to be taken
80 in; in which the master of the boat refused, because the lad
had not quite money enough to pay the usual fare. An
eminent merchant being pleased with the looks of the boy,
and secretly touched with compassion towards him, paid the
money for him, and ordered him to be taken on board. Upon
85 talking with him afterwards, he found that he could speak
readily in three or four languages, and learned upon farther
examination that he had been stolen away when he was a
child by a gypsy, and had rambled ever since with a gang
of those strollers up and down several parts of Europe. It
90 happened that the merchant, whose heart seems to have in-
clined towards the boy by a secret kind of instinct, had him-
self lost a child some years before. The parents, after a
long search for him, gave him for drowned in one of the
canals with which that country abounds; and the mother was
95 so afflicted at the loss of a fine boy, who was her only son,
that she died for grief of it. Upon laying together all par-
ticulars, and examining the several moles and marks by
which the mother used to describe the child when he was
first missing, the boy proved to be the son of the merchant,
100 whose heart had so unaccountably melted at the sight of him.
The lad was very well pleased to find a father who was so
rich, and likely to leave him a good estate; the father on the
other hand was not a little delighted to see a son return to
him, whom he had given for lost, with such a strength of
105 constitution, sharpness of understanding, and skill in lan-
guages." Here the printed story leaves off; but if I may
give credit to reports, our linguist having received such ex-
traordinary rudiments towards a good education, was after-

wards trained up in everything that becomes a gentleman; wearing off by little and little all the vicious habits and practices that he had been used to in the course of his peregrinations. Nay, it is said that he has since been employed in foreign courts upon national business, with great reputation to himself and honor to those who sent him, and that he has visited several countries as a public minister, in which he formerly wandered as a gypsy.

XXVI. THE SPECTATOR DECIDES TO RETIRE TO THE TOWN.

No. 131.]

Tuesday, July 31, 1711.

[Addison.

———*Ipsæ rursum concedite sylvæ.*

VIRGIL, *Eclogues*, x. 63.

Once more, ye woods, adieu.

It is usual for a man who loves country sports to preserve the game¹ in his own grounds, and divert himself upon those that belong to his neighbor. My friend Sir Roger generally goes two or three miles from his house, and gets into the frontiers of his estate, before he beats about in search of a hare or partridge, on purpose to spare his own fields, where he is always sure of finding diversion when the worst comes to the worst. By this means the breed about his house has time to increase and multiply; besides that the sport is the more agreeable where the game is the harder to come at, and where it does not lie so thick as to produce any perplexity or confusion in the pursuit. For these reasons the country gentleman, like the fox, seldom preys near his own home.

In the same manner I have made a month's excursion out of the town, which is the great field of game for sportsmen of my species, to try my fortune in the country, where I have

¹ Cf. 37, 116.

started several subjects, and hunted them down, with some pleasure to myself, and I hope to others. I am here forced to use a great deal of diligence before I can spring anything
20 to my mind; whereas in town, whilst I am following one character, it is ten to one but I am crossed in my way by another, and put up such a variety of odd creatures in both sexes, that they foil the scent¹ of one another, and puzzle the chase. My greatest difficulty in the country is to find
25 sport, and, in town, to choose it. In the mean time, as I have given a whole month's rest to the cities of London and Westminster,² I promise myself abundance of new game upon my return thither.

It is indeed high time for me to leave the country, since I
30 find the whole neighborhood begin to grow very inquisitive after my name and character; my love of solitude, taciturnity, and particular way of life having raised a great curiosity in all these parts.

The notions which have been framed of me are various;
35 some look upon me as very proud, some as very modest, and some as very melancholy. Will Wimble, as my friend the butler tells me, observing me very much alone, and extremely silent when I am in company, is afraid I have killed a man. The country people seem to suspect me for a conjurer; and,
40 some of them hearing of the visit which I made to Moli White, will needs have it that Sir Roger has brought down a cunning man with him, to cure the old woman, and free the country from her charms. So that the character which I go under in part of the neighborhood is what they here call
45 a "white witch."³

A justice of peace, who lives about five miles off, and is not of Sir Roger's party, has, it seems, said twice or thrice at his table, that he wishes⁴ Sir Roger does not harbor a Jesuit in

¹ mix the scent, so as to throw the hounds out.

² London and Westminster make now but one city.

³ a witch whose acts are good and useful.

⁴ hopes.

his house, and that he thinks the gentlemen of the country would do very well to make me give some account of myself. 50

On the other side, some of Sir Roger's friends are afraid the old Knight is imposed upon by a designing fellow, and as they have heard that he converses very promiscuously when he is in town, do not know but he has brought down with him some discarded Whig, that is sullen and says nothing 55 because he is out of place.

Such is the variety of opinions which are here entertained of me, so that I pass among some for a disaffected person, and among others for a Popish priest; among some for a wizard, and among others for a murderer; and all this for 60 no other reason, that I can imagine, but because I do not hoot and halloa and make a noise. It is true my friend Sir Roger tells them that it is my way, and that I am only a philosopher; but this will not satisfy them. They think there is more in me than he discovers, and that I do not hold my 65 tongue for nothing.

For these and other reasons I shall set out for London to-morrow, having found by experience that the country is not a place for a person of my temper, who does not love jollity, and what they call good neighborhood.¹ A man that 70 is out of humor when an unexpected guest breaks in upon him, and does not care for sacrificing an afternoon to every chance-comer, that will be the master of his own time, and the pursuer of his own inclinations, makes but a very unsociable figure in this kind of life. I shall therefore retire 75 into the town, if I may make use of that phrase, and get into the crowd again as fast as I can, in order to be alone. I can there raise what speculations I please upon others without being observed myself, and at the same time enjoy all the advantages of company with all the privileges of soli- 80 tude. In the meanwhile, to finish the month, and conclude these my rural speculations, I shall here insert a letter from

my friend Will Honeycomb, who has not lived a month for these forty years out of the smoke of London, and rallies me
85 after his way upon my country life.

“DEAR SPEC,—

“I suppose this letter will find thee picking of daisies, or smelling to ¹ a lock of hay, or passing away thy time in some innocent country diversion of the like nature. I have, how-
90 ever, orders from the Club to summon thee up to town, being all of us cursedly afraid thou wilt not be able to relish our company, after thy conversations with Moll White and Will Wimble. Pr’ythee don’t send us up any more stories of a cock and a bull, nor frighten the town with spirits and witches.
95 Thy speculations begin to smell confoundedly of woods and meadows. If thou dost not come up quickly, we shall conclude that thou art in love with one of Sir Roger’s dairy-maids. Service to the Knight. Sir Andrew is grown the cock of the Club since he left us, and if he does not return
100 quickly will make every mother’s son of us Commonwealth’s men.²

“Dear Spec,

“Thine eternally,

“WILL HONEYCOMB.”

¹ Modern use is *at* or no preposition at all.

² Of the party of the Commonwealth sixty years before, which had preceded the Whigs.

XXVII. THE SPECTATOR'S JOURNEY TO LONDON.

No. 132.]

Wednesday, August 1, 1711.

[Steele.]

—*Qui, aut tempus quid postulet non videt, aut plura loquitur, aut se ostentat, aut eorum quibuscum est, . . . rationem non habet, . . . is ineptus esse dicitur.*

CICERO, *De Oratore*, ii. 4.

That man may be called impertinent, who considers not the circumstances of time, or engrosses the conversation, or makes himself the subject of his discourse, or pays no regard to the company he is in.

HAVING notified to my good friend Sir Roger that I should set up for London the next day, his horses were ready at the appointed hour in the evening; and attended by one of his grooms, I arrived at the county town at twilight, in order to be ready for the stage-coach the day following. As soon as 5 we arrived at the inn, the servant who waited upon me inquired of the chamberlain, in my hearing, what company he had for the coach. The fellow answered, “Mrs. Betty Arable, the great fortune, and the widow her mother; a recruiting officer (who took a place because they were to go); 10 young Squire Quickset, her cousin (that her mother wished her to be married to); Ephraim the Quaker, her guardian; and a gentleman that had studied himself dumb, from Sir Roger de Coverley’s.” I observed by what he said of myself, that according to his office, he dealt much in intelli- 15 gence; and doubted not but there was some foundation for his reports of the rest of the company, as well as for the whimsical account he gave of me. The next morning at day-break we were all called; and I, who know my own natural shyness, and endeavor to be as little liable to be disputed 20 with as possible, dressed immediately, that I might make no one wait. The first preparation for our setting out was, that the captain’s half pike¹ was placed near the coachman,

¹ a short spear-headed weapon, carried by officers.

and a drum behind the coach. In the mean time the drummer, the captain's equipage,¹ was very loud that none of the captain's things should be placed so as to be spoiled; upon which his cloak-bag was fixed in the seat of the coach; and the captain himself, according to a frequent, though invidious behavior of military men, ordered his man to look sharp, that none but one of the ladies should have the place he had taken fronting to the coach-box.

We were in some little time fixed in our seats and sat with that dislike which people not too good-natured usually conceive of each other at first sight. The coach jumbled us insensibly into some sort of familiarity, and we had not moved above two miles, when the widow asked the captain what success he had in his recruiting. The officer, with a frankness he believed very graceful, told her that indeed he had but very little luck, and had suffered much by desertion, therefore should be glad to end his warfare in the service of her or her fair daughter. "In a word," continued he, "I am a soldier, and to be plain is my character; you see me, madam, young, sound, and impudent; take me yourself, widow, or give me to her, I will be wholly at your disposal. I am a soldier of fortune, ha!" This was followed by a vain laugh of his own and a deep silence of all the rest of the company. I had nothing left for it but to fall fast asleep, which I did with all speed. "Come," said he, "resolve upon it, we will make a wedding at the next town; we will make this pleasant companion who has fallen asleep, to be the bride-man, and" (giving the Quaker a clap on the knee) he concluded, "this sly saint, who, I'll warrant, understands what's what as well as you or I, widow, shall give the bride as father."

The Quaker, who happened to be a man of smartness, answered, "Friend, I take it in good part that thou hast given me the authority of a father over this comely and virtuous child; and I must assure thee, that if I have the giving her,

¹ follower; Cf. 34, 24.

I shall not bestow her on thee. Thy mirth, friend, savoreth of folly; thou art a person of light mind; thy drum is a type of thee, it soundeth because it is empty. Verily it is 60 not from thy fulness, but thy emptiness, that thou hast spoken this day. Friend, friend, we have hired this coach in partnership with thee to carry us to the great city; we cannot go any other way. This worthy mother must hear thee, if thou wilt needs utter thy follies; we cannot help it, friend, I say—if 65 thou wilt, we must hear thee; but if thou wert a man of understanding, thou wouldst not take advantage of thy courageous countenance to abash us children of peace. Thou art, thou sayest, a soldier; give quarter to us, who cannot resist thee. Why didst thou flee at our friend, who feigned him- 70 self asleep? He said nothing, but how dost thou know what he containeth? If thou speakest improper things in the hearing of this virtuous young virgin, consider it is an outrage against a distressed person that cannot get from thee; to speak indiscreetly what we are obliged to hear, by being 75 hasped up with thee in this public vehicle, is in some degree assaulting on the high road.”

Here Ephraim paused, and the captain with an happy and uncommon impudence (which can be convicted and support itself at the same time) cries, “Faith, friend, I thank thee; 80 I should have been a little impertinent if thou hadst not reprimanded me. Come, thou art, I see, a smoky¹ old fellow, and I’ll be very orderly the ensuing part of the journey. I was going to give myself airs, but, ladies, I beg pardon.”

The captain was so little out of humor, and our company 85 was so far from being soured by this little ruffle, that Ephraim and he took a particular delight in being agreeable to each other for the future; and assumed their different provinces² in the conduct of the company. Our reckoning, apartments, and accommodation fell under Ephraim; and the captain 90 looked to all disputes on the road, as the good behavior of

¹ suspicious.

² the especial duty of each one.

our coachman, and the right we had of taking place as going to London of all vehicles coming from thence. The occurrences we met with were ordinary, and very little happened
95 which could entertain by the relation of them; but when I considered the company we were in, I took it for no small good fortune that the whole journey was not spent in imperinences, which to one part of us might be an entertainment, to the other a suffering. What, therefore, Ephraim said
100 when we were almost arrived at London, had to me an air not only of good understanding but good breeding. Upon the young lady's expressing her satisfaction in the journey, and declaring how delightful it had been to her, Ephraim declared himself as follows: "There is no ordinary part of human
105 life which expresseth so much a good mind, and a right inward man, as his behavior upon meeting with strangers, especially such as may seem the most unsuitable companions to him; such a man, when he falleth in the way with persons of simplicity and innocence, however knowing he may be in
110 the ways of men, will not vaunt himself thereof; but will the rather hide his superiority to them, that he may not be painful unto them. My good friend" (continued he, turning to the officer), "thee and I are to part by and by, and peradventure we may never meet again; but be advised by a
115 plain man: modes and apparel are but trifles to the real man, therefore do not think such a man as thyself terrible for thy garb, nor such a one as me contemptible for mine. When two such as thee and I meet, with affections as we ought to have towards each other, thou shouldst rejoice to see my
120 peaceable demeanor, and I should be glad to see thy strength an ability to protect me in it."

XXVIII. SIR ROGER AND SIR ANDREW FREEPORT.

No. 174.]

Wednesday, September 19, 1711.

[Steele.

*Hæc memini et victum frustra contendere Thyrsin.*VIRGIL, *Eclogues*, vii. 69.*The whole debate in memory I retain,**When Thyrsis argued warmly, but in vain.*

THERE is scarce anything more common than animosities between parties that cannot subsist but by their agreement: this was well represented in the sedition of the members of the human body in the old Roman fable.¹ It is often the case of lesser confederate states against a superior power, 5 which are hardly held together, though their unanimity is necessary for their common safety; and this is always the case of the landed and trading interest of Great Britain;² the trader is fed by the product of the land, and the landed man cannot be clothed but by the skill of the trader; and yet 10 those interests are ever jarring.

We had last winter an instance of this at our club, in Sir Roger de Coverley and Sir Andrew Freeport, between whom there is generally a constant, though friendly, opposition of opinions. It happened that one of the company, in an his- 15 torical discourse, was observing, that Carthaginian faith³ was a proverbial phrase to intimate breach of leagues. Sir Roger said it could hardly be otherwise: that the Carthaginians were the greatest traders in the world; and as gain is the chief end of such a people, they never pursue any other: the 20 means to it are never regarded. They will, if it comes easily, get money honestly; but if not, they will not scruple to attain

¹ The story told by Menenius Agrippa to the Commons can be conveniently read in the first scene of "Coriolanus."

² Cf. 126, 78

³ The phrase originated among the Romans, as Sir Andrew remarks, l. 70, during their wars with Carthage.

it by fraud, or cozenage. And indeed, what is the whole business of the trader's account, but to overreach him who trusts to his memory? But were that not so, what can there great and noble be expected from him whose attention is forever fixed upon balancing his books, and watching over his expenses? And at best, let frugality and parsimony be the virtues of the merchant, how much is his punctual dealing below a gentleman's charity to the poor, or hospitality among his neighbors!

Captain Sentry observed Sir Andrew very diligent in hearing Sir Roger, and had a mind to turn the discourse, by taking notice in general, from the highest to the lowest parts of human society, there was a secret, though unjust, way among men, of indulging the seeds of ill-nature and envy, by comparing their own state of life to that of another, and grudging the approach of their neighbor to their own happiness; and on the other side, he who is the less at his ease, repines at the other, who he thinks has unjustly the advantage over him. Thus the civil and military lists look upon each other with much ill-nature; the soldier repines at the courtier's power, and the courtier rallies the soldier's honor; or, to come to lower instances, the private men in the horse and foot of an army, the carmen and coachmen in the city streets, mutually look upon each other with ill-will, when they are in competition for quarters or the way, in their respective motions.

"It is very well, good Captain," interrupted Sir Andrew, "you may attempt to turn the discourse if you think fit; but I must however have a word or two with Sir Roger, who, I see, thinks he has paid me off, and been very severe upon the merchant. I shall not," continued he, "at this time remind Sir Roger of the great and noble monuments of charity and public spirit, which have been erected by merchants since the Reformation, but at present content myself with what he allows us, parsimony and frugality. If it were consistent

with the quality of so ancient a baronet as Sir Roger, to keep an account, or measure things by the most infallible way, that of numbers, he would prefer our parsimony to his hospital- 60
pity. If to drink so many hogsheads is to be hospitable, we do not contend for the fame of that virtue; but it would be worth while to consider, whether so many artificers at work ten days together by my appointment, or so many peasants made merry on Sir Roger's charge, are the men more obliged? 65
I believe the families of the artificers will thank me more than the households of the peasants shall Sir Roger. Sir Roger gives to his men, but I place mine above the necessity or obligation of my bounty. I am in very little pain for the Roman proverb upon the Carthaginian traders; the Romans 70
were their professed enemies. I am only sorry no Carthaginian histories have come to our hands; we might have been taught perhaps by them some proverbs against the Roman generosity, in fighting for and bestowing other people's goods. But since Sir Roger has taken occasion from an old proverb 75
to be out of humor with merchants, it should be no offence to offer one not quite so old, in their defence. When a man happens to break in Holland, they say of him that 'he has not kept true accounts.' This phrase, perhaps, among us, would appear a soft or humorous way of speaking, but with 80
that exact nation it bears the highest reproach. For a man to be mistaken in the calculation of his expense, in his ability to answer future demands, or to be impertinently sanguine in putting his credit to too great adventure, are all instances of as much infamy as with gayer nations to be failing in courage 85
or common honesty.

"Numbers are so much the measure of everything that is valuable, that it is not possible to demonstrate the success of any action, or the prudence of any undertaking, without them. I say this in answer to what Sir Roger is pleased to say, 'that 90
little that is truly noble can be expected from one who is ever poring on his cash-book, or balancing his accounts.' When

I have my returns from abroad, I can tell to a shilling, by the help of numbers, the profit or loss by my adventure; but
95 I ought also to be able to show that I had reason for making it, either from my own experience or that of other people, or from a reasonable presumption that my returns will be sufficient to answer my expense and hazard; and this is never to be done without the skill of numbers. For instance, if I
100 am to trade to Turkey, I ought beforehand to know the demand of our manufactures there as well as of their silks in England, and the customary prices that are given for both in each country. I ought to have a clear knowledge of these matters beforehand, that I may presume upon sufficient re-
105 turns to answer the charge of the cargo I have fitted out, the freight and assurance out and home, the custom to the Queen, and the interest of my own money, and besides all these expenses a reasonable profit to myself. Now what is there of scandal in this skill? What has the merchant done,
110 that he should be so little in the good graces of Sir Roger? He throws down no man's enclosures, and tramples upon no man's corn; he takes nothing from the industrious laborer; he pays the poor man for his work; he communicates his profit with mankind; by the preparation of his cargo, and the manu-
115 facture of his returns, he furnishes employment and subsistence to greater numbers than the richest nobleman; and even the nobleman is obliged to him for finding out foreign markets for the produce of his estate, and for making a great addition to his rents; and yet 'tis certain that none of all
120 these things could be done by him without the exercise of his skill in numbers.

“This is the economy of the merchant; and the conduct of the gentleman must be the same, unless by scorning to be the steward, he resolves the steward shall be the gentleman. The
125 gentleman, no more than the merchant, is able, without the help of numbers, to account for the success of any action, or the prudence of any adventure. If, for instance, the chase

is his whole adventure, his only returns must be the stag's horns in the great hall, and the fox's nose upon the stable door. Without doubt Sir Roger knows the full value of 130 these returns; and if beforehand he had computed the charges of the chase, a gentleman of his discretion would certainly have hanged up all his dogs; he would never have brought baek so many fine horses to the kennel; he would never have gone so often, like a blast, over fields of corn. If such, too, had 135 been the conduct of all his ancestors, he might truly have boasted at this day, that the antiquity of his family had never been sullied by a trade; a merchant had never been permitted with his whole estate to purchase a room for his picture in the gallery of the Coverleys, or to claim his descent from the 140 maid of honor. But 'tis very happy for Sir Roger that the merchant paid so dear for his ambition. 'Tis the misfortune of many other gentlemen to turn out of the seats of their ancestors, to make way for such new masters as have been more exact in their accounts than themselves; and certainly 145 he deserves the estate a great deal better who has got it by his industry than he who has lost it by his negligence."

XXIX. SIR ROGER COMES TO TOWN.

No. 269.]

Tuesday, January 8, 1712.

[Addison.

—*Aro rarissima nostro*
Simplicitas—

OVID, *Ars Amatoria*, i. 241.

Most rare now is our old simplicity.

I WAS this morning surprised with a great knocking at the door, when my landlady's daughter came up to me, and told me that there was a man below desired to speak with me. Upon my asking her who it was, she told me it was a very grave, elderly person, but that she did not know his name. 5

I immediately went down to him, and found him to be the coachman of my worthy friend Sir Roger de Coverley. He told me that his master came to town last night, and would be glad to take a turn with me in Gray's Inn Walks.¹
 10 As I was wondering in myself what had brought Sir Roger to town, not having lately received any letter from him, he told me that his master was come up to get a sight of Prince Eugene,² and that he desired I would immediately meet him.

I was not a little pleased with the curiosity of the old
 15 Knight, though I did not much wonder at it, having heard him say more than once in private discourse, that he looked upon Prince Eugenio³ (for so the Knight always calls him) to be a greater man than Scanderbeg.⁴

I was no sooner come into Gray's Inn Walks, but I heard
 20 my friend upon the terrace hemming twice or thrice to himself with great vigor, for he loves to clear his pipes in good air (to make use of his own phrase), and is not a little pleased with any one who takes notice of the strength which he still exerts in his morning hems.

25 I was touched with a secret joy at the sight of the good old man, who before he saw me was engaged in conversation with a beggar-man that had asked an alms of him. I could hear my friend chide him for not finding out some work; but at the same time saw him put his hand in his pocket and give
 30 him sixpence.

Our salutations were very hearty on both sides, consisting of many kind shakes of the hand, and several affectionate looks which we cast upon one another. After which the

¹ Gray's Inn was one of the Inns of Court like the Inner and Middle Temple and Lincoln's Inn.

² Prince Eugene of Savoy was the general of the Imperial troops who had coöperated with the English in the campaigns against the French.

³ The House of Savoy is more Italian than French.

⁴ or Iskander Beg, the Turkish name for Georges Castriota, an Albanian patriot of the fifteenth century. He was long a type of valor. A hundred years after this Spectator Byron wrote:

“Land of Albania! Where Iskander rose,
 Theme of the young and beacon of the wise.”

Knight told me my good friend his chaplain was very well, and much at my service, and that the Sunday before he had 35 made a most incomparable sermon out of Doctor Barrow. "I have left," says he, "all my affairs in his hands, and being willing to lay an obligation upon him, have deposited with him thirty marks, to be distributed among his poor parishioners." 40

He then proceeded to acquaint me with the welfare of Will Wimble. Upon which he put his hand into his fob and presented me in his name with a tobacco-stopper,¹ telling me that Will had been busy all the beginning of the winter, in turning great quantities of them; and that he made a present 45 of one to every gentleman in the country who has good principles and smokes. He added that poor Will was at present under great tribulation, for that Tom Touchy had taken the law of him for cutting some hazel sticks out of one of his hedges.² 50

Among other pieces of news which the Knight brought from his country seat, he informed me that Moll White³ was dead; and that about a month after her death the wind was so very high that it blew down the end of one of his barns. "But for my own part," says Sir Roger, "I do not think that the 55 old woman had any hand in it."

He afterwards fell into an account of the diversions which had passed in his house during the holidays; for Sir Roger, after the laudable custom of his ancestors, always keeps open house at Christmas. I learned from him that he had killed 60 eight fat hogs for the season, that he had dealt about his chimes very liberally amongst his neighbors, and that in particular he had sent a string of hogs-puddings with a pack of cards to every poor family in the parish. "I have often thought," says Sir Roger, "it happens very well that Christ- 65 mas should fall out in the middle of the winter. It is the

¹ a little wooden plug for pushing tobacco into a pipe.

² See 122, 37.

³ the witch.

most dead uncomfortable time of the year, when the poor people would suffer very much from their poverty and cold, if they had not good cheer, warm fires, and Christmas gambols
 70 to support them. I love to rejoice their poor hearts at this season, and to see the whole village merry in my great hall. I allow a double quantity of malt to my small beer, and set it a-running for twelve days to every one that calls for it. I have always a piece of cold beef and a mince-pie upon the
 75 table, and am wonderfully pleased to see my tenants pass away a whole evening in playing their innocent tricks, and smutting one another. Our friend Will Wimble is as merry as any of them, and shows a thousand roguish tricks upon these occasions."

80 I was very much delighted with the reflection of my old friend, which carried so much goodness in it. He then launched out into the praise of the late Act of Parliament¹ for securing the Church of England, and told me, with great satisfaction, that he believed it already began to take effect,
 85 for that a rigid Dissenter, who chanced to dine at his house on Christmas day, had been observed to eat very plentifully of his plum-porridge.

After having dispatched all our country matters, Sir Roger made several inquiries concerning the Club, and particularly
 90 of his old antagonist Sir Andrew Freeport. He asked me with a kind of smile whether Sir Andrew had not taken advantage of his absence to vent among them some of his republican doctrines; but soon after, gathering up his countenance into a more than ordinary seriousness, "Tell me truly,"
 95 says he, "don't you think Sir Andrew had a hand in the Pope's Procession?"²—but without giving me time to answer him, "Well, well," says he, "I know you are a wary man, and do not care to talk of public matters."

¹ the Occasional Act, which excluded from office those not members of the Established Church.

² a procession on the anniversary of the accession of Queen Elizabeth. This year it had been the occasion of a great political disturbance.

The Knight then asked me if I had seen Prince Eugenio, and made me promise to get him a stand in some convenient 100 place where he might have a full sight of that extraordinary man, whose presence does so much honor to the British nation. He dwelt very long on the praises of this great general, and I found that, since I was with him in the country, he had drawn many observations together out of his reading in 105 Baker's *Chronicle*, and other authors, who always lie in his hall window, which very much redound to the honor of this prince.

Having passed away the greatest part of the morning in hearing the Knight's reflections, which were partly private, 110 and partly political, he asked me if I would smoke a pipe with him over a dish of coffee at Squire's. As I love the old man, I take delight in complying with everything that is agreeable to him, and accordingly waited on him to the coffee-house, where his venerable figure drew upon us the eyes of 115 the whole room. He had no sooner seated himself at the upper end of the high table, but he called for a clean pipe, a paper of tobacco, a dish of coffee, a wax candle, and the *Supplement*, with such an air of cheerfulness and good-humor, that all the boys in the coffee-room (who seemed to take 120 pleasure in serving him) were at once employed on his several errands, insomuch that nobody else could come at a dish of tea, till the Knight had got all his conveniences about him.

XXX. SIR ROGER IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

No. 329.]

Tuesday, March 18, 1712.

[Addison.]

*Ire tamen restat, Numa quo devenit, et Ancus.*HORACE, *Epistles*, I. vi. 27.*With Ancus, and with Numa, kings of Rome,
We must descend into the silent tomb.*

My friend Sir Roger de Coverley told me t'other night that he had been reading my paper upon Westminster Abbey, in which, says he, there are a great many ingenious fancies. He told me, at the same time, that he observed I had promised
 5 another paper upon the tombs, and that he should be glad to go and see them with me, not having visited them since he had read history. I could not at first imagine how this came into the Knight's head, till I recollected that he had been very busy all last summer upon Baker's *Chronicle*,¹ which he
 10 has quoted several times in his disputes with Sir Andrew Freeport since his last coming to town. Accordingly, I promised to call upon him the next morning, that we might go together to the Abbey.

I found the Knight under his butler's hands, who always
 15 shaves him. He was no sooner dressed than he called for a glass of the Widow Trueby's water,² which he told me he always drank before he went abroad. He recommended me to a dram of it at the same time with so much heartiness, that I could not forbear drinking it. As soon as I had got
 20 it down, I found it very unpalatable; upon which the Knight, observing that I had made several wry faces, told me that he knew I should not like it at first, but that it was the best thing in the world against the stone or gravel.

I could have wished, indeed, that he had acquainted me
 25 with the virtues of it sooner; but it was too late to complain,

¹ alluded to in the previous paper.² a sort of medicinal preparation.

and I knew what he had done was out of goodwill. Sir Roger told me, further, that he looked upon it to be very good for a man whilst he stayed in town, to keep off infection; and that he got together a quantity of it upon the first news of the sickness¹ being at Dantzic: when of a sudden, turning 30 short to one of his servants, who stood behind him, he bade him call a hackney-coach, and take care it was an elderly man that drove it.

He then resumed his discourse upon Mrs. Trueby's water, telling me that the Widow Trueby was one who did more 35 good than all the doctors and apothecaries in the county; that she distilled every poppy that grew within five miles of her; that she distributed her water gratis among all sorts of people; to which the Knight added, that she had a very great jointure, and that the whole country would fain have it a 40 match between him and her; "And truly," says Sir Roger, "if I had not been engaged, perhaps I could not have done better."

His discourse was broken off by his man's telling him he had called a coach. Upon our going to it, after having cast 45 his eye upon the wheels, he asked the coachman if his axle-tree was good; upon the fellow's telling him he would warrant it, the Knight turned to me, told me he looked like an honest man, and went in without further ceremony.

We had not gone far, when Sir Roger, popping out his head, 50 called the coachman down from his box, and upon his presenting himself at the window, asked him if he smoked; as I was considering what this would end in, he bade him stop by the way at any good tobacconist's, and take in a roll of their best Virginia. Nothing material happened in the remaining 55 part of our journey till we were set down at the west end of the Abbey.

As we went up the body of the church, the Knight pointed at the trophies upon one of the new monuments, and cried

¹ the plague.

60 out, "A brave man, I warrant him!" Passing afterwards by Sir Cloudesley Shovel, he flung his hand that way, and cried, "Sir Cloudesley Shovel!¹ a very gallant man!" As we stood before Busby's² tomb, the Knight uttered himself again after the same manner: "Dr. Busby, a great man! he
65 whipped my grandfather; a very great man! I should have gone to him myself if I had not been a blockhead; a very great man!"

We were immediately conducted into the little chapel on the right hand. Sir Roger, planting himself at our his-
70 torian's elbow, was very attentive to everything he said, particularly to the account he gave us of the lord who had cut off the King of Morocco's head. Among several other figures, he was very well pleased to see the statesman Cecil³ upon his knees; and, concluding them all to be great men, was
75 conducted to the figure which represents that martyr to good housewifery, who died by the prick of a needle. Upon our interpreter's telling us that she was a maid of honor to Queen Elizabeth, the Knight was very inquisitive into her name and family; and, after having regarded her finger for some time,
80 "I wonder," says he, "that Sir Richard Baker has said nothing of her in his *Chronicle*."

We were then conveyed to the coronation chairs,⁴ where my old friend, after having heard that the stone underneath the most ancient of them, which was brought from Scotland,
85 was called Jacob's Pillar, sat himself down in the chair; and, looking like the figure of an old Gothic king, asked our interpreter what authority they had to say that Jacob had ever been in Scotland. The fellow, instead of returning him an answer, told him that he hoped his honor would pay his for-
90 feit. I could observe Sir Roger a little ruffled upon being thus trepanned; but, our guide not insisting upon his de-

¹ an English admiral (1650-1707), very successful against the French.

² head master at Eton for many years.

³ Lord Burleigh, prime minister to Queen Elizabeth.

⁴ one was modern at that time, but the other was very ancient.

mand, the Knight soon recovered his good humor, and whispered in my ear that if Will Wimble were with us, and saw those two chairs, it would go hard but he would get a tobacco-stopper out of one or t'other of them. 95

Sir Roger, in the next place, laid his hand upon Edward the Third's sword, and, leaning upon the pommel of it, gave us the whole history of the Black Prince; concluding that, in Sir Richard Baker's opinion, Edward the Third was one of the greatest princes that ever sat upon the English throne. 100

We were then shown Edward the Confessor's tomb, upon which Sir Roger acquainted us that he was the first who touched for the evil,¹ and afterwards Henry the Fourth's, upon which he shook his head, and told us there was fine reading in the casualties in that reign. 105

Our conductor then pointed to that monument where there is the figure of one of our English kings without an head; and upon giving us to know that the head, which was of beaten silver, had been stolen away several years since, "Some Whig, I'll warrant you," says Sir Roger; "you ought to lock up 110 your kings better; they will carry off the body too if you don't take care."

The glorious names of Henry the Fifth and Queen Elizabeth gave the Knight great opportunities of shining and of doing justice to Sir Richard Baker, who, as our Knight ob- 115 served with some surprise, had a great many kings in him whose monuments he had not seen in the Abbey.

For my own part, I could not but be pleased to see the Knight show such an honest passion for the glory of his country, and such a respectful gratitude to the memory of 120 its princes.

I must not omit that the benevolence of my good old friend, which flows out towards every one he converses with, made him very kind to our interpreter, whom he looked upon as an extraordinary man; ² for which reason he shook him by the 125

¹ so Shakespeare in *Macbeth*, IV, iii, 146-159.

² because he knew so much history.

hand at parting, telling him that he should be very glad to see him at his lodgings in Norfolk Buildings, and talk over these matters with him more at leisure.

XXXI. SIR ROGER UPON BEARDS.

No. 331.]

Thursday, March 20, 1712.

[Budgell.

—*Stolidam præbet tibi vellere barbam.*PERSIUS, *Satires*, ii. 28.*Holds out his foolish beard for thee to pluck.*

WHEN I was last with my friend Sir Roger in Westminster Abbey, I observed that he stood longer than ordinary before the bust of a venerable old man. I was at a loss to guess the reason of it, when, after some time, he pointed to the figure, 5 and asked me if I did not think that our forefathers looked much wiser in their beards than we do without them? ¹ “For my part,” says he, “when I am walking in my gallery in the country, and see my ancestors, who many of them died before they were of my age, I cannot forbear regarding them as so 10 many old patriarchs, and at the same time looking upon myself as an idle smock-faced young fellow. I love to see your Abrahams, your Isaacs, and your Jacobs, as we have them in old pieces of tapestry, with beards below their girdles, that cover half the hangings.” The Knight added, if I would 15 recommend beards in one of my papers, and endeavor to restore human faces to their ancient dignity, that upon a month’s warning he would undertake to lead up the fashion himself in a pair of whiskers.

I smiled at my friend’s fancy; but, after we parted, could 20 not forbear reflecting on the metamorphoses our faces have undergone in this particular.

¹ It was the fashion to shave and wear flowing wigs.

The beard, conformable to the notion of my friend Sir Roger, was for many ages looked upon as the type of wisdom. Lucian ¹ more than once rallies the philosophers of his time; who endeavored to rival one another in beard: and represents 25 a learned man who stood for a professorship in philosophy as unqualified for it by the shortness of his beard.

Aelian,² in his account of Zoilus, the pretended critic, who wrote against Homer and Plato, and thought himself wiser than all who had gone before him, tells us that this Zoilus 30 had a very long beard that hung down upon his breast, but no hair upon his head, which he always kept close shaved, regarding, it seems, the hairs of his head as so many suckers, which, if they had been suffered to grow, might have drawn away the nourishment from his chin, and by that means have 35 starved his beard.

I have read somewhere that one of the popes refused to accept an edition of a saint's works, which were presented to him, because the saint, in his effigies before the book, was drawn without a beard. 40

We see by these instances what homage the world has formerly paid to beards; and that a barber was not then allowed to make those depredations on the faces of the learned, which have been permitted him of later years.

Accordingly several wise nations have been so extremely 45 jealous of the least ruffle offered to their beard that they seem to have fixed the point of honor principally in that part. The Spaniards were wonderfully tender in this particular.

Don Quevedo, in his third vision on the last judgment, has carried the humor very far, when he tells us that one of his 50 vain-glorious countrymen, after having received sentence, was taken into custody by a couple of evil spirits; but that his guides happening to disorder his mustachios, they were forced to recompose them with a pair of curling-irons, before they could get him to file off. 55

¹ a blithe Greek satirist.

² a Roman writer of the second century, A.D.

If we took into the history of our own nation, we shall find that the beard flourished in the Saxon heptarchy, but was very much discouraged under the Norman line. It shot out, however, from time to time, in several reigns under different
 60 shapes. The last effort it made seems to have been in Queen Mary's days, as the curious reader may find if he pleases to peruse the figures of Cardinal Pole and Bishop Gardiner; though, at the same time, I think it may be questioned, if zeal against popery has not induced our Protestant painters
 65 to extend the beards of these two persecutors beyond their natural dimensions, in order to make them appear the more terrible.

I find but few beards worth taking notice of in the reign of King James the First.

70 During the civil wars there appeared one, which makes too great a figure in story to be passed over in silence: I mean that of the redoubted Hudibras,¹ an account of which Butler has transmitted to posterity in the following lines:—

75 “His tawny beard was th' equal grace
 Both of his wisdom and his face;
 In cut and dye so like a tile,
 A sudden view it would beguile;
 The upper part thereof was whey,
 The nether orange mixt with grey.”

80 The whisker continued for some time among us after the expiration of beards; but this is a subject which I shall not here enter upon, having discussed it at large in a distinct treatise, which I keep by me in manuscript, upon the mustachio.

85 If my friend Sir Roger's project of introducing beards should take effect, I fear the luxury of the present age would make it a very expensive fashion. There is no question but the beaux would soon provide themselves with false ones of

¹ Hudibras is the chief figure in a violent satire on the Puritans by Samuel Butler.

the lightest colors and the most immoderate lengths.¹ A fair beard, of the tapestry size Sir Roger seems to approve, could not come under twenty guineas. The famous golden beard of Aesculapius would hardly be more valuable than one made in the extravagance of the fashion. 90

Besides, we are not certain that the ladies would not come into the mode, when they take the air on horseback. They already appear in hats and feathers, coats and periwigs; and I see no reason why we should not suppose that they would have their riding-beards on the same occasion. 95

XXXII. SIR ROGER AT THE PLAY.

No. 335.]

Tuesday, March 25, 1712.

[Addison.

*Respicere exemplar vitæ morumque jubebo
Doctum imitatore, et veras hinc ducere voces.*

HORACE, *Ars Poetica*, 327.

*Keep Nature's great original in view,
And thence the living images pursue.*—FRANCIS.

My friend Sir Roger de Coverley, when we last met together at the Club, told me that he had a great mind to see the new tragedy with me, assuring me at the same time that he had not been at a play these twenty years. "The last I saw," said Sir Roger, "was *The Committee*² which I should not have gone to neither, had not I been told beforehand that it was a good Church of England comedy." He then proceeded to inquire of me who this distressed mother³ was, and, upon hearing that she was Hector's widow, he told me that her husband was a brave man, and that when he was a schoolboy, he had read his life at the end of the dictionary. 5 10

¹ judging from the custom with wigs.

² "The Committee" was a play by Sir Henry Howard first acted about 1665, in the days of Sir Roger's youth.

³ "The Distressed Mother" was a play produced just about this time by Phillips, a friend of Addison's.

My friend asked me, in the next place, if there would not be some danger in coming home late, in case the Mohocks¹ should be abroad. "I assure you," says he, "I thought I had
15 fallen into their hands last night; for I observed two or three lusty black men² that followed me half way up Fleet Street, and mended their pace behind me in proportion as I put on to get away from them. You must know," continued the Knight with a smile, "I fancied they had a mind to hunt
20 me; for I remember an honest gentleman in my neighborhood who was served such a trick in King Charles the Second's time;³ for which reason he has not ventured himself in town ever since. I might have shown them very good sport had this been their design; for, as I am an old fox-
25 hunter, I should have turned and dodged, and have played them a thousand tricks they had never seen in their lives before." Sir Roger added that if these gentlemen had any such intention they did not succeed very well in it: "for I threw them out," says he, "at the end of Norfolk Street,
30 where I doubled the corner and got shelter in my lodgings before they could imagine what was become of me. However," says the Knight, "if Captain Sentry will make one with us to-morrow night, and if you will both of you call upon me about four o'clock,⁴ that we may be at the house
35 before it is full, I will have my own coach in readiness to attend you, for John tells me he has got the fore wheels mended."

The Captain, who did not fail to meet me there at the appointed hour, bid Sir Roger fear nothing, for that he had
40 put on the same sword which he made use of at the battle of Steenkirk.⁵ Sir Roger's servants, and among the rest my old friend the butler, had, I found, provided themselves with

¹ Mohocks was a slang name for the bands of young men of fashion who roamed the town at night, doing all sorts of outrageous things.

² Cf. 1, 2.

³ the time of Sir Roger's days in town.

⁴ The play began about five or a little after: Cf. 2, 66.

⁵ a victory of the French over the English and Dutch, Aug. 31, 1692.

good oaken plants to attend their master upon this occasion. When he had placed him in his coach with myself at his left hand, the Captain before him, and his butler at the head of 45 his footmen in the rear, we convoyed him in safety to the playhouse, where, after having marched up the entry in good order, the Captain and I went in with him, and seated him betwixt us in the pit. As soon as the house was full, and the candles lighted, my old friend stood up and looked about 50 him with that pleasure which a mind seasoned with humanity naturally feels in itself at the sight of a multitude of people who seem pleased with one another, and partake of the same common entertainment. I could not but fancy to myself, as the old man stood up in the middle of the pit, that he made 55 a very proper center to a tragic audience. Upon the entering of Pyrrhus, the Knight told me that he did not believe the King of France himself had a better strut. I was, indeed, very attentive to my old friend's remarks, because I looked upon them as a piece of natural criticism, and was well pleased 60 to hear him, at the conclusion of almost every scene, telling me that he could not imagine how the play would end. One while he appeared much concerned for Andromache, and a little while after as much for Hermione, and was extremely puzzled to think what would become of Pyrrhus. 65

When Sir Roger saw Andromache's obstinate refusal to her lover's importunities, he whispered me in the ear that he was sure she would never have him; to which he added, with a more than ordinary vehemence, "You can't imagine, Sir, what 'tis to have to do with a widow." Upon Pyrrhus his 70 threatening afterwards to leave her, the Knight shook his head, and muttered to himself, "Ay, do if you can." That part dwelt so much upon my friend's imagination, that at the close of the third act, as I was thinking of something else, he whispered in my ear, "These widows, Sir, are the most 75 perverse creatures in the world.¹ But pray," says he, "you

¹ See 113, 9 and 73.

that are a critic, is this play according to your dramatic rules, as you call them? Should your people in tragedy always talk to be understood? Why, there is not a single sentence
80 in this play that I do not know the meaning of."

The fourth act very luckily began before I had time to give the old gentleman an answer. "Well," says the Knight, sitting down with great satisfaction, "I suppose we are now to see Hector's ghost." He then renewed his attention, and,
85 from time to time, fell a-praising the widow. He made, indeed, a little mistake as to one of her pages, whom at his first entering he took for Astyanax;¹ but he quickly set himself right in that particular, though, at the same time, he owned he should have been very glad to have seen the little
90 boy, "who," says he, "must needs be a very fine child by the account that is given of him." Upon Hermione's going off with a menace to Pyrrhus, the audience gave a loud clap, to which Sir Roger added, "On my word, a notable young baggage!"

95 As there was a very remarkable silence and stillness in the audience during the whole action, it was natural for them to take the opportunity of these intervals between the acts to express their opinion of the players and of their respective parts. Sir Roger hearing a cluster of them praise Orestes,
100 struck in with them, and told them that he thought his friend Pylades was a very sensible man; as they were afterwards applauding Pyrrhus, Sir Roger put in a second time: "And let me tell you," says he, "though he speaks but little, I like the old fellow in whiskers as well as any of them." Captain
105 Sentry seeing two or three wags, who sat near us, lean with an attentive ear towards Sir Roger, and fearing lest they should smoke² the Knight, plucked him by the elbow, and whispered something in his ear, that lasted till the opening of the fifth act. The Knight was wonderfully attentive to
110 the account which Orestes gives of Pyrrhus his death, and,

¹ the son of Hector and Andromache.

² make game of.

at the conclusion of it, told me it was such a bloody piece of work that he was glad it was not done upon the stage. Seeing afterwards Orestes in his raving fit, he grew more than ordinary serious, and took occasion to moralize (in his way) upon an evil conscience, adding, that Orestes, in his madness, 115 looked as if he saw something.

As we were the first that came into the house, so we were the last that went out of it; being resolved to have a clear passage for our old friend, whom we did not care to venture among the jostling of the crowd. Sir Roger went out fully 120 satisfied with his entertainment, and we guarded him to his lodgings in the same manner that we brought him to the play-house; being highly pleased, for my own part, not only with the performance of the excellent piece which had been presented, but with the satisfaction which it had given to the 125 good old man.

XXXIII. WILL HONEYCOMB ON LOVE.

No. 359.]

Tuesday, April 22, 1712.

[Budgell.

*Torva læna lupum sequitur, lupus ipse capellam ;
Florentem cytisum sequitur lasciva capella.*

VIRGIL, *Eclogues*, ii. 63.

*Lions the wolves, and wolves the kids pursue,
The kids sweet thyme,—and still I follow you.*—WARTON.

As we were in the Club last night, I observed that my friend Sir Roger, contrary to his usual custom, sat very silent, and, instead of minding what was said by the company, was whistling to himself in a very thoughtful mood, and playing with a cork. I jogged Sir Andrew Freeport, who sat between 5 us; and as we were both observing him, we saw the Knight shake his head, and heard him say to himself. “A foolish woman! I can’t believe it.” Sir Andrew gave him a gentle pat upon the shoulder, and offered to lay him a bottle of wine

10 that he was thinking of the Widow. My old friend started, and recovering out of his brown study, told Sir Andrew that once in his life he had been in the right. In short, after some little hesitation, Sir Roger told us in the fulness of his heart, that he had just received a letter from his steward,
15 which acquainted him that his old rival and antagonist in the county, Sir David Dundrum, had been making a visit to the Widow. "However," says Sir Roger, "I can never think that she'll have a man that's half a year older than I am, and a noted Republican into the bargain."

20 Will Honeycomb, who looks upon love as his particular province, interrupting our friend with a jaunty laugh; "I thought, Knight," says he, "thou hadst lived long enough in the world not to pin thy happiness upon one that is a woman and a widow. I think that without vanity I may pretend
25 to know as much of the female world as any man in Great Britain, though the chief of my knowledge consists in this, that they are not to be known." Will immediately, with his usual fluency, rambled into an account of his own amours. "I am now," says he, "upon the verge of fifty" (though, by
30 the way, we all knew he was turned of threescore). "You may easily guess," continued Will, "that I have not lived so long in the world without having had some thoughts of settling in it, as the phrase is. To tell you truly, I have several times tried my fortune that way, though I can't much boast
35 of my success.

"I made my first addresses to a young lady in the country; but when I thought things were pretty well drawing to a conclusion, her father happening to hear that I had formerly boarded with a surgeon, the old put¹ forbid me his house,
40 and within a fortnight after married his daughter to a fox-hunter in the neighborhood.

"I made my next applications to a widow, and attacked her so briskly that I thought myself within a fortnight of

¹ a slang term of contempt.

her. As I waited upon her one morning, she told me that she intended to keep her ready money and jointure in her 45 own hand, and desired me to call upon her attorney in Lyon's Inn, who would adjust with me what it was proper for me to add to it. I was so rebuffed by this overture that I never inquired either for her or her attorney afterwards.

"A few months after I addressed myself to a young lady, 50 who was an only daughter, and of a good family. I danced with her at several balls, squeezed her by the hand, said soft things to her, and, in short, made no doubt of her heart; and, though my fortune was not equal to hers, I was in hopes that her fond father would not deny her the man she had fixed 55 her affections upon. But as I went one day to the house in order to break the matter to him, I found the whole family in confusion, and heard, to my unspeakable surprise, that Miss Jenny was that very morning run away with the butler.

"I then courted a second widow, and am at a loss to this 60 day how I came to miss her, for she had often commended my person and behavior. Her maid, indeed, told me one day, that her mistress had said she never saw a gentleman with such a spindle pair of legs as Mr. Honeycomb.

"After this I laid siege to four heiresses successively, and 65 being a handsome young dog in those days, quickly made a breach in their hearts; but I don't know how it came to pass, though I seldom failed of getting the daughters' consent, I could never in my life get the old people on my side.

"I could give you an account of a thousand other unsuc- 70 cessful attempts, particularly of one which I made some years since upon an old woman, whom I had certainly borne away with flying colors, if her relations had not come pouring in to her assistance from all parts of England; nay, I believe I should have got her at last, had not she been carried off¹ 75 by an hard frost."

As Will's transitions are extremely quick, he turned from

¹ and died.

Sir Roger, and, applying himself to me, told me there was a passage in the book I had considered last Saturday,¹ which
 80 deserved to be writ in letters of gold; and taking out a pocket Milton, read the following lines, which are part of one of Adam's speeches to Eve after the fall:—

“Oh! why did God
 Creator wise, that peopled highest heav'n
 85 With spirits masculine, create at last
 This novelty on earth, this fair defect
 Of Nature? and not fill the world at once
 With men, as angels, without feminine,
 Or find some other way to generate
 90 Mankind? This mischief had not then befall'n,
 And more that shall befall; innumerable
 Disturbances on earth through female snares,
 And strait conjunction with this sex: for either
 He never shall find out fit mate, but such
 95 As some misfortune brings him, or mistake;
 Or, whom he wishes most shall seldom gain
 Through her perverseness; but shall see her gain'd
 By a far worse; or if she love, withheld
 By parents; or his happiest choice too late
 100 Shall meet, already link'd and wedlock bound
 To a fell adversary, his hate or shame;
 Which infinite calamity shall cause
 To human life, and household peace confound.”

Sir Roger listened to this passage with great attention, and
 105 desiring Mr. Honeycomb to fold down a leaf at the place, and lend him his book, the Knight put it up in his pocket, and told us that he would read over those verses again before he went to bed.

¹ At this time Addison was publishing a criticism on “Paradise Lost” in the *Spectator*.

XXXIV. SIR ROGER AT VAUXHALL.

No. 383.]

Tuesday, May 20, 1712.

[Addison.

*Criminibus debent Hortos—*JUVENAL, *Satires*, i. 75.*A beauteous garden, but by vice maintain'd.*

As I was sitting in my chamber and thinking on a subject for my next *Spectator*, I heard two or three irregular bounces at my landlady's door, and, upon the opening of it, a loud, cheerful voice inquiring whether the philosopher was at home. The child who went to the door answered very innocently, 5 that he did not lodge there. I immediately recollected that it was my good friend Sir Roger's voice; and that I had promised to go with him on the water to Spring Garden, in case it proved a good evening. The Knight put me in mind of my promise from the bottom of the staircase, but told me 10 that if I was speculating ¹ he would stay below till I had done. Upon my coming down, I found all the children of the family got about my old friend, and my landlady herself, who is a notable prating gossip, engaged in a conference with him, being mightily pleased with his stroking her little boy upon 15 the head, and bidding him be a good child, and mind his book.

We were no sooner come to the Temple Stairs,² but we were surrounded with a crowd of watermen, offering us their respective services. Sir Roger, after having looked about him 20 very attentively, spied one with a wooden leg, and immediately gave him orders to get his boat ready. As we were walking towards it, "You must know," says Sir Roger, "I never make use of anybody to row me that has not either lost a leg

¹ thinking over a subject. His writings are often called speculations. Cf. 1, 81; 34, 16.

² The Temple, formerly the home of the Knights Templars, but at this time occupied by two of the Inns of Court, was on the Thames, and had steps going down to the river for those who wished to take boat.

25 or an arm. I would rather bate him a few strokes of his oar than not employ an honest man that has been wounded in the Queen's service. If I was a lord or a bishop, and kept a barge, I would not put a fellow in my livery that had not a wooden leg."

30 My old friend, after having seated himself, and trimmed the boat with his coachman, who, being a very sober man, always serves for ballast on these occasions, we made the best of our way to Vauxhall.¹ Sir Roger obliged the waterman to give us the history of his right leg, and hearing that he
35 had left it at La Hogue,² with many particulars which passed in that glorious action, the Knight, in the triumph of his heart, made several reflections on the greatness of the British nation; as, that one Englishman could beat three Frenchmen; that we could never be in danger of Popery so long as we
40 took care of our fleet; that the Thames was the noblest river in Europe; that London Bridge was a greater piece of work than any of the seven wonders of the world; with many other honest prejudices which naturally cleave to the heart of a true Englishman.

45 After some short pause, the old Knight, turning about his head twice or thrice to take a survey of this great metropolis, bid me observe how thick the City was set with churches, and that there was scarce a single steeple on this side Temple Bar.³ "A most heathenish sight!" says Sir Roger; "there
50 is no religion at this end of the town. The fifty new churches⁴ will very much mend the prospect; but church work is slow, church work is slow!"

I do not remember I have anywhere mentioned, in Sir Roger's character, his custom of saluting everybody that

¹ Vauxhall or Spring Gardens was a place of resort throughout the century. It was on the south bank of the river, which had long been a place for popular diversion. Here had stood Shakespeare's theatre, the Globe.

² a naval victory over the French in 1692.

³ that is, on the side toward Westminster.

⁴ An act had been recently passed establishing a number of churches.

passes by him with a good-morrow or a good-night. This 55 the old man does out of the overflowings of his humanity, though at the same time it renders him so popular among all his country neighbors, that it is thought to have gone a good way in making him once or twice knight of the shire.¹ He cannot forbear this exercise of benevolence even in town, 60 when he meets with any one in the morning or evening walk. It broke from him to several boats that passed by us upon the water; but to the Knight's great surprise, as he gave the good-night to two or three young fellows a little before our landing, one of them, instead of returning the civility, asked 65 us what queer old put we had in the boat, with a great deal of the like Thames ribaldry. Sir Roger seemed a little shocked at first, but at length, assuming a face of magistracy, told us that if he were a Middlesex justice, he would make such vagrants know that Her Majesty's subjects were no more 70 to be abused by water than by land.

We were now arrived at Spring Garden, which is exquisitely pleasant at this time of year. When I considered the fragrancy of the walks and bowers, with the choirs of birds that sang upon the trees, and the loose tribe of people that walked 75 under their shades, I could not but look upon the place as a kind of Mahometan paradise. Sir Roger told me it put him in mind of a little coppice by his house in the country, which his chaplain used to call an aviary of nightingales. "You must understand," says the Knight, "there is nothing in the 80 world that pleases a man in love so much as your nightingale. Ah, Mr. Spectator! the many moonlight nights that I have walked by myself, and thought on the Widow by the music of the nightingales!" He here fetched a deep sigh, and was falling into a fit of musing, when a mask, who came behind 85 him, gave him a gentle tap upon the shoulder, and asked him if he would drink a bottle of mead with her. But the Knight being startled at so unexpected a familiarity, and displeased

¹ Cf. 109, 103.

to be interrupted in his thoughts of the Widow, told her she
90 was a wanton baggage, and bid her go about her business.

We concluded our walk with a glass of Burton ale and a
slice of hung beef. When we had done eating ourselves, the
Knight called a waiter to him, and bid him carry the re-
mainder to the waterman that had but one leg. I perceived
95 the fellow stared upon him at the oddness of the message, and
was going to be saucy; upon which I ratified the Knight's
commands with a peremptory look.

As we were going out of the garden, my old friend, think-
ing himself obliged, as a member of the quorum, to animad-
100 vert upon the morals of the place, told the mistress of the
house, who sat at the bar, that he should be a better customer
to her garden if there were more nightingales and fewer bad
characters.

XXXV. THE DEATH OF SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY.

No. 517.]

Thursday, October 23, 1712.

[Addison.

Heu Pietas ! heu prisca Fides !

VIRGIL, *Æneid*, vi. 878.

Mirror of ancient faith !

Undaunted worth ! Inviolable truth !—DRYDEN.

WE last night received a piece of ill news at our Club,
which very sensibly afflicted every one of us. I question not
but my readers themselves will be troubled at the hearing of
it. To keep them no longer in suspense, Sir Roger de Cov-
5 erley is dead. He departed this life at his house in the
country, after a few weeks' sickness. Sir Andrew Freeport
has a letter from one of his correspondents in those parts, that
informs him the old man caught a cold at the county-sessions,
as he was very warmly promoting an address of his own pen-
10 ning, in which he succeeded according to his wishes. But

this particular ¹ comes from a Whig Justice of peace, who was always Sir Roger's enemy and antagonist. I have letters both from the chaplain and Captain Sentry ² which mention nothing of it, but are filled with many particulars to the honor of the good old man. I have likewise a letter from 15 the butler, who took so much care of me last summer when I was at the Knight's house. As my friend the butler mentions, in the simplicity of his heart, several circumstances the others have passed over in silence, I shall give my reader a copy of his letter, without any alteration or diminution. 20

“Honored Sir,

“Knowing that you was my old master's good friend, I could not forbear sending you the melancholy news of his death, which has afflicted the whole country, as well as his poor servants, who loved him, I may say, better than we did 25 our lives. I am afraid he caught his death the last county sessions, where he would go to see justice done to a poor widow woman, and her fatherless children, that had been wronged by a neighboring gentleman; for you know, sir, my good master was always the poor man's friend. Upon his 30 coming home, the first complaint he made was that he had lost his roast-beef stomach, not being able to touch a sirloin, which was served up according to custom; and you know he used to take great delight in it. From that time forward he grew worse and worse, but still kept a good heart to the 35 last. Indeed we were once in great hope of his recovery, upon a kind message that was sent him from the widow lady whom he had made love to the forty last years of his life; but this only proved a lightening before death. He has bequeathed to this lady, as a token of his love, a great pearl necklace. 40 and a couple of silver bracelets set with jewels, which belonged

¹ the idea that Sir Roger was merely looking after his own interests. The butler later gives a different account.

² already mentioned (2, 104) as heir to Sir Roger.

to my good old lady his mother. He has bequeathed the fine white gelding, that he used to ride a-hunting upon, to his chaplain, because he thought he would be kind to him; and
45 has left you all his books. He has, moreover, bequeathed to the chaplain a very pretty tenement¹ with good lands about it. It being a very cold day when he made his will, he left for mourning, to every man in the parish, a great frieze coat, and to every woman a black riding-hood. It was a most
50 moving sight to see him take leave of his poor servants, commending us all for our fidelity, whilst we were not able to speak a word for weeping. As we most of us are grow gray-headed in our dear master's service, he has left us pensions and legacies, which we may live very comfortably upon the
55 remaining part of our days. He has bequeathed a great deal more in charity, which is not yet come to my knowledge, and it is peremptorily said in the parish, that he has left money to build a steeple to the church; for he was heard to say some time ago, that if he lived two years longer, Coverley Church
60 should have a steeple to it. The chaplain tells everybody that he made a very good end, and never speaks of him without tears. He was buried, according to his own directions, among the family of the Coverleys, on the left hand of his father Sir Arthur. The coffin was carried by six of his tenants, and
65 the pall held up by six of the Quorum. The whole parish followed the corpse with heavy hearts, and in their mourning suits, the men in frieze, and the women in riding-hoods. Captain Sentry, my master's nephew, has taken possession of the hall-house, and the whole estate. When my old master
70 saw him a little before his death, he shook him by the hand, and wished him joy of the estate which was falling to him, desiring him only to make good use of it, and to pay the several legacies, and the gifts of charity which he told him he had left as quit-rents upon the estate. The Captain truly
75 seems a courteous man, though he says but little. He makes

¹ Cf. 107, 56.

much of those whom my master loved, and shows great kindness to the old house-dog, that you know my poor master was so fond of. It would have gone to your heart to have heard the moans the dumb creature made on the day of my master's death. He has never joyed himself since; no more 80 has any of us. 'Twas the melancholiest day for the poor people that ever happened in Worcestershire. This being all from,

“Honored Sir,

“Your most sorrowful servant,

85

“Edward Biscuit.

“*P.S.* My master desired, some weeks before he died, that a book which comes up to you by the carrier should be given to Sir Andrew Freeport in his name.”

This letter, notwithstanding the poor butler's manner of 90 writing it, gave us such an idea of our good old friend, that upon the reading of it there was not a dry eye in the Club. Sir Andrew opening the book, found it to be a collection of Acts of Parliament. There was in particular the Act of Uniformity, with some passages in it marked by Sir Roger's 95 own hand. Sir Andrew found that they related to two or three points, which he had disputed with Sir Roger the last time he appeared at the Club. Sir Andrew, who would have been merry at such an incident on another occasion, at the sight of the old man's handwriting burst into tears, and put 100 the book into his pocket. Captain Sentry informs me, that the Knight has left rings and mourning for every one in the Club.

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